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♩taccato.

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THE following lovely story is going the rounds concerning a good old homespun lady, who had attended for some time a church in which the service was intoned. Meeting the vicar in the street one day, she said to him: "Mr. Pasture, I hev a little favour to ask of ye; I've bin a-sayin' my prayers in F now for nigh on to five years, and I would reely like to say them in E for awhile. I'm gittin' so husky in F now that I can't jine in as I used to do."

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A CURIOUS story of Haydn (who was, it is true, fond of a joke) is told by the Stuttgart *Neue Musikzeitung*. The maestro one night called together a number of his musical friends to take part in a "serenade," and directed each one to take a different direction from all the rest, and play whatever air came into his head. None knew what instructions were given to the rest. At a given signal all started, producing a hideous howling, which called the inhabitants out of their beds to know what was amiss. The guard came, when the musicians fled, with the exception of two, who were arrested—a feature of the jest which Haydn is said to have enjoyed more than all.

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A PARAGRAPH in the *Baltimorean* gives the following as the opinions of Gladstone:—"That he considers Beethoven the first composer in the world; that women who are a little stout sing the best; that 90 per cent. of the spectators in London go to the Italian Opera exclusively for the singers and not for the opera down for representation; and, finally, that the fresh voice of a chorus child in church is pleasanter to listen to than that of the best soprano in the universe."

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A FUNNY sight was seen recently on a Warsaw, Georgia, street. A negro drove into town seated upon a waggon loaded with water-melons, with a fiddle in hand, while above his head was the following sign:—"Two pieces of music and one water-melon for a dime."

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It was Rossini, we believe, who wrote the following note to a musical friend:—"My dear —: Dine with me to-morrow in the key of G." His friend was there punctually at one sharp.

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THE following advertisement appeared in a recent copy of the *Times*:—

"CASTLE OF COMO."—Lost, probably in London, the tenor part in this opera. It contains three romances—A palace lifting to the skies; By pride angels have fallen; Gentle star so softly shining; quartet, Thou canst not give me titles and wealth, etc. The opera is the copyright property of the composer, Major George Cockle, and any person making use of it without his permission will be proceeded against. Any one returning the manuscript to," etc.

THE celebrated violinist, Paganini, had once to give a concert at the Carlo Felice in Genoa, and being late, he drove in a cab. On alighting he offered the usual fare to the cabman, who refused it, saying: that a great man, who was able to play as well on one string as on four, ought to give him at least double the fare.

"Very well," answered Paganini, "I will pay you double when you are able to drive me to the theatre on one wheel."

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"SWEARING THOMAS; or, the Conductor Converted," reads like the heading of an interesting tract; but it is not. It is—or might be—the title of a very funny story which is in circulation about Theodore Thomas, the famous American conductor. It appears that during the progress of a concert in Albany a telegram was handed to him from a prima donna whom he had engaged for a forthcoming festival, inquiring what works were to be performed on that occasion. Thomas hastily scrawled in reply the words, "Messiah," "Creation," "Redemption," "Damnation," and handed it to the messenger. Then he retired to his private room to rest. But his peace was soon broken in upon by loud rattings at the door, and the telegraph boy entered. Handing the form back to Thomas, the boy said, "Please, sir, the operator says she can't send such language." For one wild moment the great conductor's lips trembled with anathemas upon all lady operators—who, it may be remarked in passing, are of all people the most complacently aggressive—but reading his message again, he saw the cause of the young lady's scruples. He added the words "of Faust" to the last written title, and retired once more to his blissful rest.

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IN these days we admire anything that offers a suggestion of coolness. We therefore appreciate the *sang-froid* of the Boston manager, who, when his theatre was discovered to be on fire, stepped before the curtain and spoke as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, we have just discovered the cause of the stifling temperature from which you have doubtless been suffering. The house has been on fire for nearly half an hour. In assuring you of my regret at the occurrence, and the unavoidable necessity of bringing the performance to a close, you will permit me to express my heartfelt joy that we have succeeded at last in thoroughly warming up a Boston audience."

♦ ♦ ♦

A GOOD many of the phenomena of somnambulism are explainable by memory. There is an authenticated case of a distinguished musician who once dreamed he was listening to a remarkable piece of music performed by some singers. He remembered the melody on awaking, and was so delighted with it that he at once wrote it down. Several years afterwards, as he was turning over some old sheets of music that he had never seen before, as he thought, he came upon the very melody he had dreamed. He

could not remember that he had ever seen or heard this melody except in his dream, and yet it is beyond doubt that he had heard it, and that it had been reproduced in his dream in the manner recorded.

♦ ♦ ♦

ANOTHER case, mentioned by Du Prel, is that of a girl employed as a netherder, who occupied a room divided only by a thin partition from that of a violin player, who used to play often during half the night. This girl, after some months, got another place, and after she had been there for some two years, sounds began to be heard coming from her room exactly like those of a violin. This went on for hours, and, with irregular intervals, lasted for two years. Then the girl began to reproduce the tones of a piano which was played in the family, and afterwards began to discourse in her sleep, in a learned and sarcastic manner on religious and political subjects. In every case she was reproducing in sleep what she heard said or played by members of the family or visitors.

♦ ♦ ♦

A LAST CENTURY writer says:—"A fiddle is the proper emblem of a comic poet, as this instrument has no medium, and either gives us the greatest pleasure or the highest disgust. Farce writers are kits, which may just answer the end for a country dance, but have scarce any music in them."

♦ ♦ ♦

AT Ottawa there is a religious war in a big Methodist Church, and the fight waxes bitter and fierce. The minister avers that the solos sung by the soprano make him nervous and spoil his sermons, while the lady claims that the minister cannot tell the difference between "Yankee Doodle" and "The Old Hundred," and has neither ear, voice, nor taste for music.

♦ ♦ ♦

CONSTABLE in early life was a good flute-player, but gave it up as he found painting required all his attention. On one occasion he was at a musical party, where an Italian trio was performed, which was only suitable to the opera-house. Constable whispered to a friend, "I daresay it is very fine, for it is very disagreeable. If those people were to make such a noise before your door or mine, we should send for the police to take them away."

♦ ♦ ♦

ROMNEY was an enthusiastic musician. In the hours of solitary labour, while engaged in transferring to the canvas the creations of his imagination, his violin was always in his hand. He often found it necessary, in the progress of his work, to step back in order to judge of the effect, at which times he would amuse himself by playing an air on his violin, till a new idea came across his mind, when the violin would be instantly exchanged for the brush. Thus the two arts conspired, and the harmony of the picture was improved by the harmony of the music.

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Musical Life in London.

THE Crystal Palace programme of November 23 included Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), and this alone would have made it attractive, for the composer was not mistaken, when, in a letter written in English to Neate, he spoke of it as "amongst my best works." And it is also among Mr. Manns' best performances. The fine rendering of the "Flying Dutchman" Overture also deserves mention. Miss Nettie Carpenter, in an elegant Violin Concerto by Saint-Saëns, and some showy solos, obtained much success: her playing is clever and refined. Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Festklänge," heard for the first time here, was placed at the end of a long programme. Miss Fillunger was the vocalist. On the 30th, Sir Arthur Sullivan's Incidental Music to "Macbeth" was given. Of course music written for a drama suffers by separation, but even from an abstract point of view there is much to admire in it. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel appeared, and their artistic singing was fully appreciated. Besides two solo numbers from Weber's "Euryanthe," they sang Mr. Henschel's graceful duet "Gondoliera," which was encored. The programme included Mr. Hamish MacCunn's clever Ballad for Orchestra, "The Ship of the Fiend."

On December 7, Goldmark's Overture to "Sákuntalâ" was performed; this is a charming work, full of melody and dainty orchestration. Miss Marian Osborn gave a sympathetic, intelligent, though youthful reading of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G. Mr. Frederic Cliffe's Symphony in C minor was performed for the second time; the favourable impression which it made at first by no means diminishes. Madame Louise Pyk, the vocalist, gave a good rendering of Weber's "Ocean! thou mighty Monster."

"St. John's Eve," an old English Idyll, the words by Mr. J. Bennett, the music by Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, was produced at the Crystal Palace under the direction of the composer, on Saturday afternoon, December 14. The story is a simple one, told by the librettist in graceful, easy verse, and set to music of the most suitable kind, i.e. of equal grace and ease. There is indeed in it such an absence of effort, the harmonies are so harmonious, the progressions so plain, that one cannot, at first hearing, fully appreciate its cleverness, or all the thought the composer must have given to it. The libretto tells how Nancy, a village maiden, gathers a rose on midsummer's eve; if it retained its colour unfaded until Christmas, then her lover was true. She has two admirers—Robert, a villager, and the young Squire. How the story is prettily worked out we have not now space to describe; but Robert is outwitted by the Squire, and the latter wins the hand, as he had already won the heart, of the village belle. Nancy's air, "Say what dost thou hear," is graceful; and the tenor Serenade, "O Zephyr stirring 'midst the leaves," is a gem of the first water. The love duet near the close is highly effective. The carol sung by Margaret (an ancient dame), with chorus, also deserves mention. Of the choruses we would note the vigorous one for male voices, "Ho! good St. John," at the close of the first part, and the final bright one, "Welcome, happy maid."

The soloists were Miss Macintyre, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Plunket Greene, who all did justice to their parts. The

Crystal Palace choir sang with much spirit. Mr. Cowen was received with great enthusiasm at the close. The cantata was preceded by Beethoven's "Fidelio" Overture, and a short and pleasing composition by Grieg, for baritone solo and chorus, entitled "Landkjending" (Op. 31).

The Popular Concerts during the past month have been well attended, and the programmes have been of great interest. We notice with pleasure that Mr. Chappell has reverted to the old form, and now gives regularly sonatas instead of a group of short pianoforte solos. On November 25, Miss Fanny Davies played Beethoven's Sonata in D minor (Op. 31, No. 2) with marked feeling and intelligence, but not with her usual technical accuracy. Another noteworthy feature of the programme was a piece entitled, "Thirteen Divisions to a Ground Bass for Violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment." This was a novelty, but an ancient one. The composer of these interesting characteristic variations is named Christopher Simson, and he lived in the seventeenth century. He was a soldier in the army raised by the Duke of Newcastle for the help of Charles I. against the Parliament. At the close of the Civil War he went to live in Leicestershire at the country house of Sir Robert Rolles, to whose son he gave lessons on the viol. *The Division Violist* is the title of a clever work published by him in the last year of the Commonwealth. It was from this book that Signor Piatti took this Ground and Divisions, or, as we say, Theme and Variations, to which he has added an effective pianoforte part. They were admirably played, and much applauded. Madame Belle Cole sang songs by Handel and Scarlatti, and was well received. The programme included Cherubini's posthumous Quartet in F. The Florentine master is not at his strongest in works of this kind, but the fact that it was written by the composer at the advanced age of 75 alone renders it remarkable.

On Saturday afternoon Madame de Pachmann made her first appearance this season, and gave a delightful reading of Schubert's romantic Sonata in G (Op. 78), known as the "Fantasia Sonata." She thoroughly entered into the spirit of the work, while so far as technique was concerned there was no fault to find. Madame Pachmann was a pupil of her husband's, and doubtless owes much to his advice and influence, but she also thinks and acts for herself. A fine performance of Mozart's masterpiece, the Quintet in G minor, by Madame Neruda and Messrs. Ries, Straus, Gibson, and Piatti, was listened to with rapt attention. Madame Neruda played also Dr. Mackenzie's pleasing Benedictus and Saltarello from his set of six pieces for violin with pianoforte accompaniment.

On December 8 Miss Fanny Davies was again pianist, and her solo Beethoven's Sonata in D (Op. 10, No. 3). Her reading of this work was unequal. The opening Allegro was given in a most satisfactory manner, but the slow movement lacked breadth and passion. There were points, too, in the remaining two movements to which one felt disposed to take exception. As an encore, Miss Davies played Mendelssohn's brilliant Characteristic piece, Op. 7, No. 7, with wonderful brightness and precision. The programme included two Quintets, each in its way a masterpiece. The first was Mendelssohn's posthumous Quintet for strings in B flat (Op. 87), and the second Schumann's pianoforte Quintet in E flat (Op. 44). Both works were led with her usual finish and intelligence by Madame Neruda. Miss Marguerite Hall was the vocalist. Dr. Villiers Stanford's Sonata in D minor (Op. 39) for pianoforte and violoncello was repeated at the Saturday afternoon concert, December 7, and was interpreted as before by

the composer and Signor Piatti. Brahms' exquisite Gipsy Songs (Op. 103) were sung by Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marguerite Hall, and Messrs. Shakespeare and Henschel, while Madame Haas rendered excellent service in the pianoforte accompaniment. On the following Monday evening this lady played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110), for the intelligent and expressive performance of which she deserves high praise. Mr. Plunket Greene sang songs by Brahms and Dr. Parry in first-rate style.

Mr. Henschel's Second London Symphony Concert on Thursday evening, November 28, was not equal in interest to the first. The programme included a novelty—two movements from a Symphonic Phantasy, "Aus Italien," by a young German composer, named Richard Straus. The first is entitled "On the Campagna," and the second (really the third of the Symphony) "On the shore at Sorrento." The composer has undoubtedly talent, but has not yet developed a style of his own. Time and the experience which it brings will be of service to him. Schumann's fine Symphony in D minor was performed in a manner far from satisfactory. At his third concert, on December 12, Mr. Henschel introduced a Notturmo-Serenade in D, an early work of Mozart's. In it four small orchestras are employed, each consisting of strings and two horns. Of these, three are used for echo effects. The Serenade, consisting of three unimportant movements, is evidently a sort of musical joke.

The programme included Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, which was well rendered.

Sir Charles Hallé gave his second concert on Friday, December 6, at St. James's Hall. He commenced with an effective overture by Gade, entitled "Hamlet," well rendered. Two movements from Schubert's ever fresh, ever delightful "Rosamunde" music were received with vociferous applause. Three movements from Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, a marked contrast in style, were admirably performed. Sir Charles Hallé played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G in faultless manner, and roused the enthusiasm of the audience. The concert concluded with Dvorák's Symphony in F, No. 3. This is a comparatively early work of the composer's, but one of great interest. Of the four movements, the last is the one in which Dvorák's individuality is most strongly revealed. The performance was excellent. We ought to mention that Mr. Willy Hess, leader of the Manchester orchestra, wielded the bâton in an efficient manner while the concerto was played.

M. Pierre Benoit's Oratorio "Lucifer," produced last spring by Mr. Barnby, was repeated at the Albert Hall on December 4. A great deal of the writing is certainly effective, but M. Benoit discards counterpoint and often repeats himself. His music therefore lacks vigour and variety. The performance was a remarkably fine one. The solo vocalists were Miss Macintyre, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Iver M'Kay, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The last-named sang not only the small part assigned to him, but also that of Lucifer in place of M. Blauwaert, who was unwell, and acquitted himself most creditably of his double task.

Messrs. Max Heinrich and Schönberger gave the first of three concerts at the Steinway Hall on November 28. The programme consisted entirely of works by Schubert, including some of his best songs, the Sonata in A minor (Op. 42), and some Improptus. On December 5 Schumann was honoured in a similar manner. The third concert on December 17 was devoted to Brahms. Our notice of these attractive

musical evenings is brief. Space demands this, otherwise they deserve detailed mention. The excellent merits of the two concert-givers, the one as vocalist, the other as pianist, are, however, sufficiently well known.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave their usual vocal recitals at Prince's Hall on the afternoons of December 4 and 11. Both programmes were of the highest interest, the performances admirable, and the audiences enthusiastic.

Madame F. Campbell-Perugini and Miss Mary Hutton, two intelligent and refined singers, commenced a series of vocal recitals at the Steinway Hall on November 30. The concert was successful.

Aurelia in London.

BOOK II.

IT was the year 1885. At the end of the summer, Aurelia's mother, a chronic invalid, had, much to the satisfaction of our little circle, thought fit to come up to town to consult a leading specialist. Cousin Phoenix was an old Londoner, and had rooms near his club in St. James's Street. I lived myself as a rule in town, and we agreed to leave our Monday evenings open to meet at each other's houses, and only to admit on these occasions those who were like-minded, congenial, and personally interesting to us all. We had several pleasant meetings. Sartoris was not there, but Victor was, and so was the rising painter, D—, and Miss G—, a lovely half-caste.

"What do you think about Victor?" says Phoenix to me, *apropos* of nothing in particular, as I walked back to his lodging with him from his club.

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Have you noticed no change in him?—because I have. I was looking over some prints with Alexis yesterday, when in comes Victor. He seemed so much quieter."

"Duller?"

"Well, not exactly,—not quite so sensationally interesting,—less high-strung,—more reasonable, you know,—more composed, and less jerky. A very fine print of Beatrice Cenci turned up, and he talked very well about it, as he always does; but he was much less excited than usual. He said no print ever gave the subtle expression of the original picture by Guido in the Borghese, the ineffable sweetness and purity about the lips, which long mental suffering and physical privation had not been able to wither. He called it 'the iridescent lustre of a diaphanous soul.' Every print was coarse, he added—every copy a caricature beside the unrivalled loveliness of the old canvas. He was talking so well, when in comes Aurelia in her hat and sealskin, looking like the angel of health or the goddess of mirth; and, you know, she usually seems to inspire him wonderfully, but he subsided at once, and had nothing more to say, taking apparently as little notice of her as she did of him. As for Aurelia, she talked of nothing but Verbeck the conjuror, and the mesmeric séance she had witnessed there the day before."

"Now you mention it," I said, "I recollect that Victor took nothing to drink at dinner the other night at my rooms, though he certainly did smoke too much, and drank three or four cups of black coffee afterwards."

"Aurelia also remarked to me the other day: 'I do think you are quite wrong about the poet, Cousin Phoenix. He does not seem to me at all different from other people in what he drinks, and he is ever so much more interesting in what he says; and I have never noticed

anything in the least odd about him lately, and you know he has been several times to our house. You told me he never touched tea; but he always takes tea when I offer it him.'

"Of course," I answered, "Miss Aurelia, don't we all? The touch of your hand transforms Bohea into the most intoxicating nectar."

"You are laughing at me," said the young lady, with a toss of her pretty head,—one of her delicious little points. But I could see she was inclined to be more serious than usual over it."

"I think, Phoenix, this may be a serious matter in more ways than one. Put the case—The poet reforms, because he is in love with Aurelia, and knows it. Aurelia is intensely interested in his reformation, because she is in love with him, and does not know it. She feels a little pride, however, in being somehow connected with his improvement. What then?"

Phoenix had been taking snuff violently. He stopped on the doorstep of his lodgings, and looking at me, I thought, rather uneasily, nodded his head with the simple rejoinder, "Eh! eh! What then?"

That night we all met in Connaught Place, when a new surprise awaited us. It was none other than the poet's conversion to music. We might have expected him to surrender at once to the charms of Aurelia's voice; but he had often heard her sing, had always listened attentively, without attempting anything in the way of comment beyond the usual polite homage due to a pretty girl with a delightful voice. No; there was something more genuine than the mere twist of personal sentiment about Victor's conversion to music, as we shall see.

"I wonder what Victor will think of the West Indian beauty," said Alexis, as we entered the hall together at Connaught Place. "You know he has never seen her, or heard her."

"I don't suppose her voice will make much impression upon him, though I fancy he has been attracted once or twice lately, in spite of himself, by your sister's singing. Do you remember that night when she sang Heine's 'Mondnacht' to Schumann's setting?"

"I have often noticed," says Alexis, "that unmusical people take odd fancies: they are quite unmoved by what they ought to like, and then fasten on some out-of-the-way thing, generally the very last things one would expect an unmusical person to tolerate. Or again, I have known people who detest Mozart, are bored even with Italian opera, and look upon string quartets as mere purgatory, sit through one of Wagner's operas entranced. Is it not curious how many unmusical people do like Wagner?"

"That's just what Wagner's enemies are always saying," laughed out Alexis; "you are a regular *advocatus diaboli*!"

"You're getting mixed," I answered. "Pray, who's the devil?—Wagner or Victor?"

At that moment ("Talk of the," etc.) Victor himself came up-stairs, and we all three went into the drawing-room. There was nobody there. Aurelia was attending to her mother up-stairs.

The West Indian beauty had not arrived. We never knew quite who was likely to come in on these nights after dinner,—none but chosen friends or a few by special invitation—that we knew. Presently the door opens, enter Cousin Phoenix. He was in his sentimental mood, we saw that at a glance. He waved his snuff-box towards us with one of his little suppressed sighs, full of happiness—as of a man whose keen remembrance of pleasure almost compensated him for the loss of it.

"Salutation, my friends, salutation. Welcome, poet, pianist, and philosopher. I have had an experience. You have spoken to me of your West Indian nightingale. I have heard her—I have heard her;—and his voice became

distant and dreamy. He even forgot to take the imperceptible pinch from the LaPlache snuff-box.

"Then you will be glad to know," said Alexis, "she will be here to-night."

"You are in luck, my friends; you are privileged."

"What do you think of her, good cousin?" says Alexis.

"The clear, pale bronze, with red-rose flush, the lithe grace of her movements, but stately withal, the soft, bright eyes with the far-away look in them, like the rich dim twilights of Mason's pictures"—

"Stop, stop!" I said; "you are trenching on the poet's ground."

"I like the prose better than the poetry. Let him go on," says Victor, who had been listening attentively.

"But her voice; how about her voice?" asked Alexis.

"Permit me," continued Phoenix. "You do not remember Alboni—that miracle of liquid, oily tone, even and perfect *timbre*—like some fine musical instrument with a soul in it from another sphere. You do not remember her—I do. I have had an impression like that this afternoon. Hot-room crowded—anxious hostess—got into a niche opposite the piano—a girl dressed in dark red velvet, with yellow Almander flowers for all ornament. Three-fourths European, with a fascinating dash of African blood about her which seemed to smoulder like fire at the bottom of her eyes."

"In a word," said Alexis, who was always curtailing Cousin Phoenix's rhapsodies, "you came—you saw—you heard—and you were conquered!"

"Just so—just so—nor I alone—the chatters ceased. And what do you think she sang? 'Home, sweet Home'! Fancy half the room in tears over 'Home, sweet Home'! Ridiculous, to be sure—so I thought, but my eyes began to smart somehow."

"You wept?" I asked.

"Well, no, not exactly; I was too much astonished—I was thinking how she did it. What was the spell that fell upon that fashionable horde the moment she opened her lips? Was it her graceful, unaffected, yet serenely dignified manner, or that *souffron* of black blood which lends to many of the Florida whites such a pathetic and delicate charm? Was it the *voix voilée* which the Spanish admire—that faculty of throwing her notes to the back of her head which the French adore—almost like a ventriloquist? Was it the singular quality and evenness of *timbre*, without a touch of the *vibrato* palsy which infects all European singers? *Che sa!* Anyhow, the notes floated out mellow-sweet. The words came with a little half foreign lisp, not always distinct,—but everybody knew them,—and now and then there was that tremor of subdued emotion in her tones which Mario used to call *les larmes dans le gosier*, and which Rossini used to say was worth *dix mille francs* to any one. But where lay the secret of a song the first bar of which makes one inclined to stop one's ears? I only found that out by the time she came to the last verse—it was the 'Home, Home—sweet, sweet Home,' did it! Upon my honour, gentlemen, as she warbled those words, she fell into a positive reverie, and she mesmerized us all—her eyes looked dreamy—she was far, far away—perhaps in her own sunny South—she made us all feel aliens—and yet she made us all think of home too—those of us—those of us"—and Phoenix's own voice trembled a little—"who had a home to think of." Suddenly the eloquent Phoenix paused—the door opened, and—

(To be continued.)



Victor Woycke.

A CHAT WITH A RISING YOUNG VIOLINIST.

BY OUR EDINBURGH CORRESPONDENT.



MADAME WOYCKE.

VICTOR WOYCKE.

ALTHOUGH some of our Southern friends might indulge in a supercilious smile if any Scotsman were to assert that his country has any claim to recognition as a musical centre, it cannot be gainsaid that during the past few years Scotland has given birth to several musicians of whom she has every reason to feel proud. In proof of this I need only mention the names of Mackenzie, MacCunn, and MacIntyre—the three most illustrious “Macs” in Scottish musical history. There is every likelihood of a fourth being added to the roll in the person of Victor Woycke, whose portrait is given above, and who is just seventeen years old.

When the announcement was made a few weeks ago that he was about to challenge public opinion on his merits as a solo violinist, there was considerable interest manifested in musical circles. This interest was, no doubt, enhanced by the fact that it was whispered abroad that young Woycke was an exceptionally gifted lad, and gave every indication of possessing that “stuff” which may one day bring him into the front rank of his profession. And, in truth, these whispers have been amply verified. Queen Street Hall was filled in all its parts a few Saturdays ago, when Master Woycke made his first bow before an audience. It is needless to dwell upon the brilliant success with which the young *debutant* came through the ordeal. He was cordially applauded throughout, and the general impression created seemed to be that in Victor Woycke we have a violinist who does infinite credit to the training of his talented mother, and who has every chance in the future of becoming an honour to his native city.

A short conversation which I had recently with our young friend may not be without interest to Magazine readers. Victor is a fine frank lad, whose straightforward and unaffected manner at once impresses one in his favour.

“Nervous!” said Victor, in reply to a question of mine in reference to the recital.

“Oh no; I certainly did feel a bit flurried at first when I stepped from the sideroom, but before I had played many bars the feeling wore off, and I felt perfectly self-possessed. The kindly and cordial reception accorded to me by the audience no doubt inspired me with confidence.”

“And what do you think of the newspaper notices?”

“On the whole, I have been very much gratified by them. They have all been, without exception, of a most encouraging and favourable nature.”

“To have become so proficient a violinist at your age, you must have begun your musical studies very early in life,” I ventured to say.

“Yes; I began to amuse myself with a violin when I was six years old. But my serious studies cannot be said to have commenced until I was ten years of age. I have only had one teacher—my mother—and I am quite satisfied that she is capable of teaching me a good deal yet. Since I began studying in earnest, I daresay I have practised on an average not less than four hours a day.”

“And what, may I ask, are your plans for the future?”

“I believe my father intends me to go on studying hard for other two or three years, and then, all things being favourable, I shall probably try my fortune in London or in one of the Continental cities.”

“Oh yes,” said Victor laughingly, in reply to his interviewer; “I have composed several small pieces, but so far I have not thought it desirable to go further with them than the M.S. I have recently been engaged on a waltz, which I may some day ask the editor of the *Magazine of Music* to accept.”

In a subsequent palaver which I had with Herr Woycke, he informed me that Victor

from his earliest childhood had always been a precocious youngster in matters musical. At the age of three he would clamber on to the seat of the American organ, and after manipulating the stops with the easy confidence of a miniature Spark or Stainer, the young virtuoso would start on a fruitless search after lost chords, maintaining all the while a gravity and seriousness worthy of any cathedral organist. His love for the violin was illustrated in a somewhat amusing way many years ago. A servant, whose soul was not susceptible to the sweet if somewhat screechy strains of the budding Joachim, then aged seven, determined, in Herr Woycke's absence, to deprive the young fiddler of his instrument of torture. But this was easier said than done. When Herr Woycke arrived on the scene he found him clasp his beloved violin to his breast and screaming at the pitch of his voice. Needless to say, the soulless slavey was promptly informed that she must have rather more consideration for an art which she was incapable of appreciating.

It should be mentioned that at the concert at which Master Victor made his *debut*, Madame Woycke contributed a violin solo, and took part with her son in an exceedingly fine rendering of Bach's great Concerto in D minor for two violins. Madame Woycke, whose platform appearances are, in the opinion of many music lovers, far too rare, was received with cordial applause. Herr Woycke also played several pianoforte solos, besides accompanying the others. His performance was characterized by all the musicianly insight and breadth and vigour of style which have always been associated with the playing of this thoroughly conscientious artist.

Our Musical Tour.

(BY THE ONE WHO WAS NOT MUSICAL.)

CHAPTER II.

WE were at Madame Schumann's reception. The all-important event in our lives was reached, and we looked on each other and almost discredited the fact.

I felt like a fish out of water. I didn't sing, I didn't even play a tin whistle. I had no possible way of showing the outward world I had the spirit of a musician in me, and yet here I was in Madame Schumann's drawing-room, with Sarasate and the big musicians of Frankfurt all around, and the great lady herself sitting between two of her now famous pupils.

There was nothing to do except make myself known, and accordingly I plunged into conversation with a tall handsome man by my side, Herr Professor K— of the Hoch Conservatorium, as I learned later.

At this time Bülow was in the air; he had been expelled the Berlin theatre because he had written a very nasty letter to the late Intendant, and I caught eagerly at this subject.

"It is so extraordinary, the great Hans is such a stirring stick;"—I flattered myself "the great Hans" sounded, one might say, professional, as if I were quite in the musical swim. What fools we amateurs are sometimes!—"but even so, he is the first of German musicians."

Herr Professor K— gave me a stony stare.

"Hans von Bülow! he is an ass," he said quietly, as he turned on his heel and left me.

I was rather stunned. Hans von Bülow an ass! Did I hear this in Madame Schumann's house?

An individual, dapper, small, and looking the essence of sarcastic pessimism, gave vent to a sardonic laugh.

"You know what Bülow did on K—?" he asked me.

I shook my head.

"Ah, well, he read the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in the hall whilst K— gave a concert, and K— will never forgive him."

"Therefore Bülow is an ass?" I inquired indignantly.

"Ach Gott! it is always so with musicians: you can never believe their oath when they speak of each other."

A little commotion around us made us understand Sarasate was going to play, and as he took up his violin, whispers and smiles went on behind his back amongst the Schumann pupils.

They pushed out their lips and raised their eyebrows mockingly.

"It will be the *Es dur* Chopin Nocturne: when was it ever anything else with Sarasate?" said some one.

"Or the 'Spanish Dances.'" "Or the Mendelssohn Concerto."

"But violinists have such a limited repertoire." I pleaded for the great artist with eagerness.

I got no answer, for at that moment the incomparable sound of Sarasate's violin was charming all.

And perfect it was: how round, and soft, and ethereal! I listened with closed eyes, and said to myself we could not hear such music too often.

The last notes died away, a murmur of applause, like forced wind from a bellows, passed over the listeners, and somebody asked Sarasate for Brahms.

With a shrug of his shoulders, Sarasate sat down and declined to play further.

Nothing could tempt Madame Schumann to play, and at length one of the favourite pupils sat down at the pianoforte to give us something of Mendelssohn's. At that moment, to my surprise, I saw that Peacocke was talking eagerly to Madame Schumann, and I drew near; the Frau Doctor, as they call her in Germany, can only say something interesting.

Of course we had to wait till the Mendelssohn was finished, and then I heard Madame Schumann advise Peacocke to leave his hotel at once, and go into a pension; the prices and modes of saving followed, and so I turned away. The divinity was not on her pedestal.

The evening finished shortly after supper, and as Peacocke and I went home I kept wondering what I had had from it. Sarasate's "*Es dur*" Nocturne, but for me that was enough.

Next day, however, we found ourselves famous. Acting on Madame Schumann's advice, we took up our residence at the pension she suggested, and at the German one o'clock dinner met all our neighbours, amongst others,

five lady students of Madame Schumann's own, and one black sheep,—that is, a pupil of Hans von Bülow.

We were twenty in all, and the first thing I observed was that Peacocke struck up an acquaintanceship with one of the prettiest of the Schumann pupils, and that we were pitchforked right into the midst of a set of Schumann fanatics: needless to add, this being the case, we were all English; but I suppose it is known by most that one half of Frankfurt is English, and the other half Jewish.

In an incautious moment I let slip I had heard Sarasate only the night before at Madame Schumann's. Good heavens! what a chorus of voices struck on my ear! I forget the most of them; but these are some of the questions:—

"Did she give you her autograph?"

"How did she look?"

"What did she wear?"

"Have you known her before?"

"Is she not a darling?"

"And her nose!—have you ever seen anything so perfect?"

"No, the look in her eyes!"

"Who was there?"

"Sarasate!—how did he come there? He doesn't belong to our set;" this with a charming air.

We stood up, and I attempted no answer.

"What a fuss," whispered a clear, girlish voice in my ear, "about the old lady!" I turned round, met the brilliant flash of dark eyes, and fell in love at once with the Bülow pupil.

An instinct at once told me this was the beginning of a tragedy for me with Peacocke.

"Well, old fellow, what do you think of it all?" asked the latter, the first moment we were together, as we lit our pipes. "It's jolly this German life, isn't it? and then there is the opera to-night. I am going there shortly for a box.

Miss C— (the Schumann pupil) has promised to come with me, so, of course, the Frau Professor (our hostess) must come—you also, old fellow, so take somebody with you, and find another for the chaperone."

"Miss N—" (the Bülow pupil), I suggested, with a flush.

"All right, any one at all." At that moment, directly above our heads, some one commenced to play Tausig's daily studies; five minutes later, beside us, another, a concerto of Mozart. I looked at Peacocke inquiringly. Was this to be German life? But he was in a remarkably good humour, and, muttering something about this being one of the penalties one pays for art, he smiled; but the smile had hardly faded from his lips, when, on the other side of our room,—we occupied one large one,—the "*Chrometica Fantasia*" of Bach commenced.

Peacocke groaned and stood up. Beneath us still another piano; but this time we could only distinguish the sound, not the piece.

In despair Peacocke opened the door, but fell back again. Nothing could describe the noise then, for in the room facing ours my Bülow pupil was playing a sonata of Beethoven's with a strong certain touch, and from every door along the entire corridor proceeded sounds.

Peacocke clapped his hands to his head. "They are playing in the whole twenty-four keys!" he said desperately. Then he desired me to ring the bell.

"Do you always play twenty-four pianos in this house at once?" we both asked simultaneously.

"*Natürlich; wir haben dreissig musik Studenten*," was the answer we got.

Peacocke stood up. "Well, it's a dead loss of two hundred marks. But, even so, here we cannot remain; let's make for our hotel."

We left the house abruptly, and about six

o'clock returned. Then there was dead silence; most of the young ladies were dressing for the opera, and by a lucky chance I met Miss N— on the stairs, offered her a seat in Peacocke's box, which was accepted prettily.

We went to the opera, and such is the power of a pretty face, that both of us decided to remain a few days more, and try and arrange to be out during practising hours; but we had not reckoned with our host.

It must have been very early in the morning that I commenced to have bad dreams. I thought I was in hell, surrounded by screaming, mocking devils, with some kind of a headache peculiar only, I suppose, to infernal regions. Trying to think over my condition, I awoke and jumped out of bed. It was early morning, six o'clock at most, and from every direction, and on every side, the thirty students were playing their morning studies.

By Jove! this was to be our musical tour, then. I looked over at Peacocke, and started with horror: was I going mad from the infernal noise? Peacocke was there, but his head was nowhere to be seen.

I went over to him and shook him.

"Has it finished yet?" said a faint voice from some far-off region. Only then I understood. Peacocke had bandaged his head up with two enormous pillows.

"No," I screamed madly, "it has not!" and forthwith I returned to my bed and did the same.

Six hours later, the maids, who had been knocking us up all the morning, entered our room, and found us so, and from that hour our fame was greater than ever; for, never having the courage, for fear of hurting the feelings of our lady friends, to tell why we lay so, we got known as "the mad Englishmen whom Madame Schumann knows."

Twenty-four pianos versus a pretty face—that was too much. So after dinner we sent off our belongings, and returned to our hotel, after arranging to dine each day at the pension.

During the next month I saw much of my Bülow pupil, and got initiated by her into the secrets and mysteries of the musical world in Frankfurt, and day by day I found a wider breach coming between Peacocke and myself.

He was Schumann to his finger-tips, and I, although I was not anti-Schumann, had yet sufficient of the anti-Schumann element about me to perceive the absurdity of both Schumannism and anti-Schumannism.

At length Hans von Bülow arrived, and both parties became at white heat. Madame Schumann shook her head sadly over the method and teaching of the great doctor, and he never lost an occasion of sneering, not only at her, but at Robert Schumann, or rather his music.

Will my readers kindly take note of this? Bülow was unable to find sufficiently disparaging terms in which to speak of Schumann's music, whilst the Schumann pupils could not find sufficient terms of adoration for it. Only one thing—how I laughed at this afterwards on our musical tour!—satisfied me then, and that was, the Schumannites mocked at the idea of any one outside their set playing Schumann; and consequently the great Dr. von Bülow, not being of their set, couldn't understand Schumann's music, and, not understanding it, failed to value it.

This was my solving of a difficult problem I was afterwards to be more puzzled over, but I was still as a child in musical matters.

(To be continued.)

A MISS CARLOTTA JOHANNSON, a niece of Madame Christine Nilsson (a daughter of the prima donna's sister), is said to have a remarkably fine soprano voice, and has been sent to Christiania to finish her studies in singing.

The Strange Story of a Pianist.

HAVE sometimes wondered whether any man, however prosaic and matter-of-fact he may be by nature, has passed along the sloping road that leads from the cradle to the grave, without meeting at one period or another with some unaccountable, inexplicable experience, which causes him to realize with irresistible force that, like Horatio, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy." I myself may serve as a personal illustration of this theory. In my youth I rather prided myself on believing nothing that I heard, and less than half of what I saw. I was, and for the matter of that, still am, a commonplace, unimaginative individual, constitutionally inclined towards rationalistic theories, the last man in the world, most people would say, to whom anything strange or out-of-the-common would be likely to happen. Yet, as the following plain, unvarnished statement of facts will prove, I have had experiences in the course of my life, which few of those poetical and romantic persons, who are given to see visions and dream dreams, can hope to equal.

I believe this is partly to be attributed to the magnetic attraction of contrast which, by some strange freak of nature, draws together and links with the closest chains of sympathy and affection characters of the most opposite types. The friendship which existed from a very early age between David Thorburn and myself is a case in point, for probably no two men ever had fewer tastes and pursuits in common, and yet we were never so happy as in each other's society.

Our parents lived in the same north-country town, and we boys attended the same school as day-boarders. David was then a fair-haired, delicate-looking little fellow, whom the other boys considered fair game for chaff and bullying of all kinds. I, though only the same age, was bigger and stronger than he, and better fitted to make my own way, and fight the battles of school life. I constituted myself, in some sort, David's champion, and protected him as far as I was able from the persecutions of the boys, and the scrapes into which he was apt to fall with the masters, owing to his absence of mind and inattention to everything that failed to interest him. Of course we soon earned for ourselves the nickname of David and Jonathan, which seemed to me a wholly pointless witticism since my name is Robert.

There is an old superstition, now nearly exploded, that childhood is the happiest period of our lives, to which we elderly people are always vainly longing to return. As far as I can remember, the one ardent desire of my boyish days was to be a "grown-up man," and able to do as I liked,—the natural privilege of age, I

then thought. Yet my childhood must have been a period of halcyon bliss in comparison with that of David Thorburn. His father was by religion a Quaker, and by nature as hard as the nails of which he was a well-to-do manufacturer. His one ambition was that his only son should become a good man of business and a creditable successor to himself in the old-established firm of Thorburn & Son. Never had father more unpromising material to work upon. David, most unfortunately for himself, was a musician, born not made, though whence he inherited his genius will ever remain a mystery. His ancestors, who it is true did not extend very far into the mists of the past, had, tradition said, all been Quakers of the most rigid type since the first invention of the Society of Friends. Their wives and daughters had all been distinguished for the hideousness of their bonnets and the ultra-neutral tints of their attire. As for the piano, they would have thought that any descendant of theirs who dared so much as to seat himself on a music stool, had taken the first step on the road to the gallows.



"I WAS THE FIRST PERSON WHOM HE RECOGNISED."

David's father was no unworthy scion of such a family. It was said that meek Mrs. Thorburn's bonnets and caps were an exact copy of some millinery heirlooms which had been worn by her husband's grandmother, while she was forbidden to wear the becoming dove-colour, as savouring more of frivolity than drab or grey. It is needless to say that no musical instrument of any sort was admitted into Mr. Thorburn's house, and David was strictly forbidden so much as to touch the keys of a piano. But, as luck would have it, the boy had inherited much of his father's iron (one might almost say, pig-iron) obstinacy, and, having made up his mind to become a great pianist, no power on earth could turn him from his object, in spite of the apparently insurmountable difficulties with which he had to contend. Nature, like love, laughs at locksmiths. Even as a little child, whenever he could escape from the clutches of his nurse, David would steal away in the wake of some passing street musician, and be found hours afterwards dirty, hungry, and exhausted, yet happy as a king, if only he were allowed to turn the handle of some crazy old organ, and grind out its rasping music.

By some perverse fate, I came of a musical

family, and my parents were most anxious that I should learn to play the piano in such a manner as to be able to take a creditable part in our home duets and trios. Accordingly, I was compelled to have music lessons in my play-time, a privilege I would gladly have conceded to poor envious David. The most that I could do for him was to pass on some of the knowledge thus unwillingly acquired by myself, and to give him stolen opportunities of practice on our school-room piano, at the risk of a punishment to both of us if we were found out. At this rate, as may be imagined, David's musical education did not advance with a rapidity equal to his desires. On the other hand, his well-known proclivities subjected him to endless chaff from his school-fellows, who never wearied of asking him to sing them a psalm, or play them a tune on his harp, jokes which, in their opinion, never lost their point and freshness.

I lost sight of my friend to a certain extent, when, a little later, we were sent to different public schools, and it was not until we were both, in our own estimation, "grown up," that we resumed our old intimacy at Oxford. Old Mr. Thorburn had died shortly before this time, and, by the terms of his will, David was to receive a moderate allowance until he reached the age of one-and-twenty. Then, if he agreed to enter the business, he was to inherit the whole of his father's share; if he refused, his allowance would be continued, but the bulk of the property would pass to a distant cousin, who was a junior partner in the firm. There was never any doubt in my mind as to what David's choice would be. The first use he made of his new liberty was to purchase a grand piano; the next to engage a music-master to give him lessons every day. To the neglect of tutors and lectures, he then set himself steadily to carry out his original intention of becoming a professional pianist.

I cannot say that, at that time, I believed that my friend would ever attain his object. Work as hard as he might, it seemed as though his stiff fingers, and unpractised eye, the natural result of his lack of early training, must prevent his acquiring the technique wherewith adequately to render his own conceptions. How he used to envy me the facile execution which, thanks to the enforced lessons of my boyhood, enabled me to rattle off at sight passages which took him hours of unremitting practice to accomplish to his own satisfaction!

Although we remained on our old terms of friendship, we did not belong to the same set at Oxford. In the scanty leisure that he allowed himself, Thorburn frequented the society of certain young men who were interested in what, now-a-days, would, I suppose, be dignified by the name of psychological researches, but which then was simply called spiritualism, and seemed to include a study of old books and manuscripts on the subject of the black art. My sympathies did not lie in the direction of these occult sciences, and I invariably refused to assist at any of the spiritualistic seances. I could see nothing

fascinating in the idea of sitting in a dark room, round a table on which there was never anything to eat. Consequently, I saw less of my friend than I could have desired, while, on the other hand, I heard more than enough of him, since his study was next to mine, and he usually practised ten hours out of the twenty-four.

It was, I imagine, a surprise to no one who knew him, when Thorburn left Oxford without taking his degree, and went abroad to try what effect German air might have upon his musical deficiencies. He wrote to me two or three times from Vienna, where he had entered the Conservatoire, and then, after a silence of some months, I received a letter from him, dated "Schloss Nixenstein," in which he said that, finding he did not obtain sufficient individual attention at the Conservatoire, he had left Vienna, and had settled himself in an old Schloss, situated in a lonely part of the country, about twenty miles from the capital, which he had secured for a merely nominal rent. Here he intended to give himself up entirely to the study of his art, under the direction of a musical friend, whom he had persuaded to accompany him. This was the first and last letter I received from him after he had taken up his abode at Schloss Nixenstein, and though I wrote to him several times it was long before I saw or heard anything of my old friend again.

After leaving Oxford I acted as bear-leader for a year or two to some extremely well-mannered and agreeable young cubs, after which I came to London in search of some regular and settled employment. The pursuit of "something to do" is, no doubt, an exciting one, but the game is apt to be unpleasantly wild. The professions of digging and begging seemed to be the only ones open to me, but these I did not want to fall back upon until the last emergency. It is true, an old friend of the family, a successful auctioneer by calling, had offered to take me into business, but, fortunately for him as well as myself, I was perfectly conscious of my own limitations, and politely but firmly declined. Imagination is a useful gift to a poet or a novelist, to an auctioneer it is absolutely indispensable. Now my besetting sin is a tendency towards scepticism, while my besetting virtue, if I may be allowed the expression, is common sense. Therefore I felt I should be worse than useless as a gentleman of the hammer.

I was still in town chiefly occupied in answering advertisements and keeping appointments with the framers of them, when the atmosphere of the musical world began to be agitated by rumours of the rise of a new pianist, who had been making an extraordinary sensation in Germany, where he was already looked upon

as the rival of Liszt and Rubinstein. It was said that he was an Englishman by extraction, though his professional name was Bergstrom. Before long we heard that he was coming to London, and would give two or three concerts during the approaching season.

On the occasion of Bergstrom's first concert, St. James's Hall was crammed with a brilliant and fashionable audience, to quote from the next morning's newspapers. An unusual point in the arrangement of the platform was that the piano was entirely concealed by a mass of palms and flowering shrubs, which were placed in front of it. Only the music-stool was in such a position that the player would be in full view of the audience. The instant Bergstrom stepped on the platform, I recognised in him my old friend David Thorburn, though how I did so I am still puzzled to understand, for he was changed in almost every particular from the youth I remembered. Although he was not, at that time, more than three or four and

one of triumphant success for the young pianist had it not been for an unlucky incident that occurred just at the close of the performance.

The last piece on the programme was a well-known Nocturne of Chopin's, which Thorburn began to play as though inspired by the very genius of the composer himself, when suddenly, to the amazement of the audience, his fingers appeared to become possessed by some rebellious spirit, for they utterly refused to carry out the intentions of their master. The notes ran into one another, and the chords became mixed in inextricable confusion, producing a horrible discord. The effect was very much like that produced by a "Dutch duet," in which two persons play two different tunes at one and the same time. Indeed, it seemed to me that I could distinguish side by side, so to speak, with the Nocturne, fragments of one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Fortunately, this extraordinary scene lasted but a few moments. After a short but agonized attempt to play to an

end the piece he had begun, Thorburn uttered a hoarse cry, and fell with a crash on to the boards of the platform. Then arose the usual hubbub and outcry. Women screamed and fainted, or appeared to faint, out of sympathy with the player, while two or three officials rushed upon the platform, and began to raise the fallen man, who still remained unconscious.

As my seat was near the front, and I felt really alarmed about my old friend's condition, I too made my way on to the platform to offer my services. As it happened, I was the first person on whom his eyes



"TWO SLIM WHITE HANDS APPEARED ON THE KEY-BOARD."

twenty, his fair hair looked as though it had bleached almost silvery white, while his face, once so round and fresh-coloured, was now drawn and of a transparent pallor. He had, moreover, become so thin that he appeared to flit across the platform like a phantom in evening dress.

But if my friend was changed in appearance, how much more in his style of playing! The exquisite taste and expression, for which he had always been remarkable, were now united to the most marvellous technique; indeed, it seemed at times almost incredible that ten mortal fingers could accomplish such feats of musical gymnastics. The hidden piano, which, by the way, possessed an extraordinarily fine tone, developed into a whole orchestra under the magical touch of its owner. Although, at the time of which I am writing, pianoforte recitals had scarcely been invented, Thorburn, as I shall continue to call him, had engaged no other artists to support him, but held his audience spell-bound from first to last by the power of his own genius. The enthusiasm with which his efforts were received was boundless, and altogether the evening would have been

rested when his senses began to return to him.

"Dawson," he murmured faintly, and then glancing anxiously round, said in stronger tones, "The piano! don't let them touch the piano."

The other men seeing that we were acquainted, fell back, and Thorburn leaning on my arm, for he was still dizzy from the effects of his fall, went to the piano, which he carefully closed and locked. I was surprised to see that this instrument, the tone of which I had so much admired, was no concert grand, but an ordinary upright of old-fashioned make. The only remarkable feature about it was a painting on the front, not of the stereotyped nymphs or shepherdesses, but a most unpleasantly vivid representation of Holbein's "Dance of Death."

At his own request I accompanied my friend back to his lodgings, and as, by that time, he seemed quite recovered, we spent an hour together, talking over old times. I could learn but little of Thorburn's adventures during the three years that had elapsed since I had last seen him, for he had grown singularly reserved on the subject of himself and his career. The most that he would tell me was that after nearly

two years of seclusion and hard study in his Austrian castle, he had entered the world again, and made his *début* as a pianist at Vienna. His success, as I knew from the newspapers, had been instant and decided, and from that time to the present his course had been a veritable triumphal progress. His one aim and object, so steadily pursued from childhood, had at length been attained, and yet, looking in his eyes and listening to his voice, I could not believe that it had brought him happiness.

Thorburn appeared but seldom in London that season; each time, however, rousing his audience to the same pitch of enthusiasm, and, fortunately, the untoward incident which had occurred at his first concert was not repeated. The critics, by the way, had not failed to comment on the remarkable scene to which we had then been treated. One of them, who was apparently of a sporting turn, aptly remarked that the piano seemed to have taken the bit into its teeth and bolted with the player, giving him a "nasty cropper" at the end. I noticed that Thorburn never again played on his own piano at a concert, although, in my opinion, he was heard to far greater advantage on that old-fashioned instrument than on the very finest specimen of the modern concert grand.

Since the renewal of our friendship, Thorburn and I had become nearly as inseparable as of old. I really believe that my prosaic, matter-of-fact character had a soothing effect upon his nervous and excitable temperament. Certainly he possessed an irresistible interest and fascination for me. I had plenty of leisure to enjoy his society at that time, for I had not yet succeeded in running to earth my quarry, "something to do." This being the case, it will easily be imagined that I was only too ready to jump at an offer that was made me by my friend at the close of the London season. It was Thorburn's intention to make an autumn concert tour in the provinces, assisted by two or three vocalists; and, being utterly unbusiness-like himself, he proposed that I should accompany him as his agent and business manager. This proposal suited me exactly. There was nothing I liked so well as travelling, even in my own country, and I had a decided predilection for artistic society. An evening was fixed upon which I was to dine at my new employer's rooms, and talk over the final arrangements of the tour. It was on this occasion that two incidents occurred, which, although not making any very strong impression upon me at the time, yet, in the light of after events, seem sufficiently important to be worthy of narration in this place.

It was already dusk when I found myself at the foot of the stairs that led to Thorburn's chambers. About half-way up I encountered a man who was rapidly and noiselessly descending, and whose appearance struck me as strange and unusual. He was tall and slim, with long straight hair, and wore a coat which seemed to me to be cut in some bygone style, not unlike those we see in old caricatures of the fashions in vogue when our great-grandfathers were young. I could not distinguish his features, which were nearly concealed by a broad-brimmed felt hat. I passed him so closely on the stairs that I thought I must have brushed against him, but I felt no shock as of contact with any resisting substance. Instead, a shaft of icy cold seemed to pass from him to me, which, for a moment, froze the very blood in my veins. It was as though I had suddenly and unexpectedly been brought in contact with a corpse. An uncontrollable shudder shook me from head to foot; then with an effort I pulled myself together, and looked quickly round to see whether I could in any way account for this

phenomenon. To my astonishment the stranger was already out of sight, although how he could have reached the bottom of the stairs in that instant of time, except by taking a headlong leap, was a mystery that I could not attempt to solve. Pursued by a feeling of nervous apprehension, which was wholly foreign to my nature, I rushed up the remaining stairs, and in another moment was in Thorburn's rooms. I found him crouching over a fire, though it was a warm September evening, his face ghastly pale, his blue eyes staring, as though at some unseen horror. My first question was for his health, which he turned off by muttering something about having taken a chill; my next as to the identity of the oddly-dressed stranger whom I had met upon the stairs.

"It must have been the pianoforte-tuner," he answered indifferently, as though the subject had no interest for him. I could hardly help laughing at this very commonplace explanation of the mysterious gentleman's personality.

"If he tunes pianos as quickly as he runs down-stairs, he must indeed be a treasure," I remarked. "When I passed him just now he was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye; like the witches in 'Macbeth,' he made himself air."

Thorburn made no reply, but led the way into the dining-room, where, somehow or other, we neither of us had much appetite for the dinner that was set before us. Over our wine we disposed of the business which had been the ostensible object of our meeting. Everything seemed to promise well for the success of the projected concert tour. Under the direction of my chief, I had engaged the services of a light soprano, a contralto, and a baritone, all of whom were deservedly popular in their profession. We had decided to do without a tenor, because a tenor is apt to be a spoilt child, and a spoilt child is more trouble than profit on tour.

After dinner I suggested that we should have some music, and Thorburn, going to the piano, began to play the so-called "Moonlight" sonata. I thought I had never heard him play better, until the middle of the second movement, when, to my consternation, began a repetition of the scene that had created so much excitement at his first London recital. His fingers (or was it rather the piano?) refused to obey his will, for the sonata gradually became merged into what I presently recognised as a well-known air, with variations of Mozart's. For a few moments the two pieces seemed to contend for supremacy. Thorburn evidently did not intend to relinquish the struggle so easily on this occasion as on the former one. He had set his teeth, and seemed to have made up his mind to have a good fight for victory. I was watching his efforts to regain control over his own fingers with much curiosity, when, to my astonishment and dismay, two slim white hands, almost transparent in their delicacy, suddenly appeared upon the keyboard. On one finger of the left hand flashed a superb diamond ring, while ruffles of cobweb lace fell over the wrists. Beyond the ruffles there was *nothing*.

It can have taken me but a single instant to note these details, for no sooner did I clearly recognise what it was I saw, than, in spite of all my boasted coolness, I covered my eyes with my hands, and staggered back with a cry of horror. The next moment the lid of the piano was shut down with a crash, and a mocking laugh echoed through the room.

"What!" cried Thorburn, still laughing, though his face was livid, "you, the cold-blooded, prosaic old sceptic, actually taken in and frightened by one of the commonest

spiritualistic tricks. If you had not always held yourself superior to our *séances* at Oxford, you would not have been so easily deceived by a pair of padded hands and a little luminous paint."

At these words I began to collect my scattered wits, feeling not a little ashamed of my involuntary exhibition of terror. As I have already said, I had never attended a spiritualistic *séance*, but I had heard enough about their doings to be aware that the apparition of a pair of ghostly hands was a very ordinary manifestation. I submitted to be chaffed for a few moments upon my supposed conversion into a true believer, and then, by tacit consent, we changed the subject.

It was not until I was walking home through the deserted streets, that some doubts of the plausibility of Thorburn's explanation came over me. A pair of padded hands might be easily produced under some circumstances, but surely not in a lighted room, and with no possibility of collusion. Besides, could those slender, semi-transparent hands really be nothing more than a combination of kid and cotton-wool? It seemed incredible. The most remarkable part of the manifestation was, however, that I could almost swear that the fingers had played a few notes of the Mozart piece before fear had bereft me of all power of observation. Surely the spiritualists were not yet so far advanced in their science, or whatever they called it, as to be able to manufacture artificial hands capable of playing Mozart.

There was yet another mystery which exercised my mind, namely, Thorburn's occasional inability to master or control his own fingers. What did that proceed from? Common sense replied, "Overwork acting upon a highly-strung nervous system," but for once common sense failed altogether to satisfy me. By the time I reached my own door, however, the matter-of-fact side of my character had so far reasserted itself that I was able to tell myself that Thorburn's explanation of the scene I had just witnessed must be the true one. I argued that, however far-fetched and improbable it might seem, a natural solution of any mystery must be infinitely more worthy of credence than a supernatural one. I thought so honestly then, but, like many another man, I had good reason for changing my opinions in after years.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG Japanese scientist—Dr. Tannaka—has read a paper before the Tonkünstler-Verein of Berlin, on a new system of "perfect mathematical tuning," which he claims to have elaborated. It is said to be founded on the discoveries of Helmholtz and Engel, and to exhibit these in a practical form. Herr Papendieck gave a practical illustration of the system on a harmonium specially constructed by Johannes Kewitsch.

NOT long ago the composer Planquette, while travelling in Normandy, found in an old ruined castle a chime of fifteen bells. The ruin near Pont-Audever was called Corneville. He bought the bells, and sent them to the Folies-Dramatiques Theatre in Paris, where his familiar opera, "Les Cloches de Corneville," is now being played. They have been placed on the façade of the theatre, where, worked by electricity, they play favourite airs from the opera.

THE Italian musical societies do not appear to be distinguished for their liberality. The "Euterpe" of Monselice has opened a competition for an opera libretto, consisting of not more than three acts, and dealing, by preference, with a fantastic subject. The successful works will become the property of the society, which offers the noble sum of twenty-five francs for the first prize, a diploma for the second, and "honourable mention" for the third.

Rubinstein's Jubilee in St. Petersburg.

ST. PETERSBURG, December 6th.

AT the present time there is an epidemic of influenza in St. Petersburg, and all St. Petersburg is more or less nervous about epidemics, so that when one of the leading papers mentioned the arrival of a new epidemic, which was termed *Jubilenz*, every one was horrified. The newspaper wits, however, who discovered this illness, discovered one which, if not dangerous, was certainly rampant during the last two weeks, but has now happily or unhappily abated.

We have been simply mad here in St. Petersburg over Rubinstein, and his six days' fête has been more successful than even the most sanguine of us imagined.

On Friday the 29th, the day after the composer's real birthday, the proceedings commenced at the Conservatory with a church service for the health and prosperity of the great virtuoso. On this occasion Rubinstein was presented by the servants with a beautifully carved wooden plate, on which were placed bread and salt, a Russian custom, and the singing of the choir was most beautiful.

In the evening there was a dance at the Conservatory and a performance of music by the pupils, and the amusements finished shortly after twelve o'clock, when Rubinstein, escorted by the cheers and good wishes of the students, went home.

The day after, however, was the real beginning, although Rubinstein tells me he enjoyed the evening at the Conservatory most of all. There he was at home as it were, amongst all the students; nothing was formal or strange; it was a homely gathering of young people on a festive occasion, bent on enjoying themselves; and this was something after Rubinstein's heart, for he has the true Teutonic weakness for everything *Gemüthlich*. Saturday's festivities were altogether formal, and, of course, in every way befitting the occasion.

The Jubilee Act, as it was termed, was held in the great Salle de Noblesse, which was decorated in splendid style. This concert hall is one of the largest and most beautiful in Europe. It is supported by thirty massive pillars of pure white marble, behind which run two galleries, one above the other, the entrance to the hall being by a flight of shallow steps leading from the second of these. All round the hall between these pillars are loges; that of the Imperial family, hung with crimson gold-fringed cloth, and separated from the others by gold railings, is on the right side, along with the loges of the ministers and ambassadors, Rubinstein's loge being on the left, the first from the platform.

The entire Salle is lighted with brilliant electric light, given from ten massive crystal chandeliers, numerous smaller ones being placed at various parts of the walls, and the arms of the Russian nobility here hung between the marble pillars, making a splendid whole. For the Jubilee the wall behind the platform was completely covered with a handsome drapery of dark red velvet, ornamented with gold fringes and tassels, and before this drapery stood an enormous column on which was placed a colossal bust of Rubinstein six feet high, three of the Muses, life-size, standing in

graceful attitudes about the base of the column. On the bust a strong electric light played during the whole performance, and was most effective.

Palms and plants of all kinds were placed about, Rubinstein's loge being smothered in exotic plants; Madame Rubinstein and her daughter as well as other members of Rubinstein's family sitting there.

The two ladies on coming in were presented with large bouquets of roses, and the ladies of the chorus, all pupils of the Conservatory, stood on the platform in white dresses with small bouquets of white asters and fern. On the platform also seats were given to the fifty-four deputations—or rather double that number, for each deputation consisted of two or three people—sent from all parts of Russia, Germany, and France; the orchestra being behind, Rubinstein, with Duke George Gemüthlich of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, president of the Jubilee Committee, and Senator Markewitch, representing the Grand Duke Constantine, at a red cloth covered table on the platform, Rubinstein being in the middle.

The hall was filled with an audience in gala attire, military men being in full uniform, and as Rubinstein appeared with Duke George he was greeted with a fanfare of trumpets by the orchestra, and deafening cheers from the audience, lasting fully ten minutes. He was received by the audience standing, even the inmates of the Imperial box, all children and grandchildren of the Grand Duchesse Hélène, Rubinstein's first Russian Royal patron, standing also.

During the day and between the presentation of the fifty-four addresses, three pieces expressly composed for the occasion by pupils of the Conservatory, were given, one of these being no other than Tschaikowsky; and Rubinstein was presented, on the part of the Tsar, with the honorary membership of the borough of Peterhof, and an annuity for life of three thousand roubles.

The proceedings were most festive and joyous, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of all for the great pianist composer.

In the evening, Rubinstein himself held a reception, which was, of course, a most brilliant affair.

On the occasion of the act Rubinstein was presented with two pianos from two Russian firms, one of them, the pianoforte from the firm of Becker, a most magnificent instrument, with panels of inlaid wood and a handsome relief work of silver gilt on the inner lid, made of two wreaths of laurel and palm, with a portrait of the composer and the two dates 1829-1889, and his initials, A. R., beneath, along with various musical instruments, the two wreaths being joined with a ribbon of blue enamel.

The concert, however, at which Rubinstein was to play was something for which we were all waiting eagerly.

The new Concertstücke pleased the public, but Rubinstein was not at first exactly in the humour for playing. He slashed over the bravura passages,—this note or that seemed alike to him,—and, in short, did not do sufficient justice to this his last work. The orchestra, directed by Tschaikowsky, played magnificently; in fact, Tschaikowsky's direction of both this piece, Rubinstein's *G minor Symphony*, and his national orchestral piece "*Russia*," was splendid, and Rubinstein himself was the first to acknowledge this.

In the four solo pieces, three of them from the miscellaneous group, No. 92, the last being the *E flat Etude* for the left hand, Rubinstein was Rubinstein again. He held his audience under a breathless spell, and the magic some-

thing in his touch, possessed by no other artist, never sounded more beautiful. The lion was loose, and never perhaps has Rubinstein played his *E flat Etude* so magnificently.

His reception,—but what need to speak of it? one can still better picture it.

There were only the three pieces on the programme, but the audience insisted on having Rubinstein out again and again, so that at length the great pianist composer sat down at the pianoforte and played one of his own Romances. It was played divinely. It was a poet's thoughts and hopes and longing whispered to us in music.

After it the audience literally grew frantic. Hoarse bravos broke from a thousand throats. The chairs were torn about and flung down; many leaning from the gallery so excitedly that they seemed in danger of having their necks broken by a fall. After again and again bowing his acknowledgments, Rubinstein again sat down at the piano and played his *Melody* in *F*. Each note seems burned into my brain now as I write, so exquisite was it; and amongst the Russian men I saw tears falling from their eyes as they listened, and looked on the quiet figure of the great pianist as he sat slightly bent over the pianoforte absorbed in his work, with closed eyes and a wonderful expression on his face as he played.

After this Rubinstein shook his hands at his clamorous admirers, and nothing could induce him to come back. The pianoforte was closed, and with it—if Rubinstein keeps his intention of not playing again in public—the career of one of the greatest artists of our century, who for fifty years has been one of the brightest of our brilliant stars in the art horizon.

At the Jubilee dinner, given the same evening, nothing of importance occurred. Toasts were drunk, and many distinguished people assisted, but the concert of the following evening, Monday, was one of the most successful, if not the most successful, of the series. Rarely have I attended a more brilliant one. Again the concert hall was packed from end to end, and an audience enthusiastic to a degree filled it. The programme on this occasion was the overture of "*Dimitry Douskoi*," Rubinstein's first opera, written in 1849, and given in 1852; the dance music from "*Feramos*," "*The Water Nymph*," a piece for orchestra chorus and solo contralto voice, founded on some beautiful words of Lermontoff; solo songs by two famous Russian singers, Mesdames Lavrovsky and Vaneyeff; and Rubinstein's Sacred Opera given as Oratorio, "*Tower of Babel*."

Words fail in description of this concert and in description of the music: for the first time under Tschaikowsky's direction I realized what Rubinstein's music meant when *properly given*, and why it is that on most occasions the composer is always so dissatisfied with the performance of his own music. Undoubtedly, there lies a great future for Rubinstein the composer. Wrapped up in the pianist, the musical world has hardly considered the composer; but the career of the great pianist is closing, and a concert like that of Monday evening, the 2nd December, can leave no doubt of what the reception will be of Rubinstein the composer. The programme was certainly a selected one, and Rubinstein's songs were gems; in short, such a wealth of invention, of beautiful melody, of harmony, passion, and musical loveliness, it would be hard to bring together.

It was one of the most brilliant triumphs in Rubinstein's long and brilliant career.

The following day the opera "*Gomscha*" was given for the first time, but space only allows me to speak of it briefly.

It was a complete success, and Rubinstein

was literally overburdened with the applause of the audience; he bowed from his box; he came several times out before the footlights, and it was only when the house was left in complete darkness that his clamorous admirers were forced to go, after having him out at least twenty times, and giving him an enthusiastic ovation such as is seldom received. The opera was splendidly mounted, and the music is wonderfully fresh and original; in fact, one of the most beautiful choruses ever written is given at the end of the first act; one of those simple works of genius which, being a thing of beauty, remains a joy for ever. Even if the rest of this opera does not live, this chorus will never die; the dramatic elements necessary in the recitatives fails almost continually, and why? It is difficult to imagine; for, that Rubinstein can write dramatically, his splendid "Lenore" ballads proves; but in rich harmony, in warm colouring, in all absence of that hastiness of construction we sometimes find in the composer's works, in lyric beauty, and in finished treatment, this opera is a masterpiece.

The libretto is taken from a novel of Averkieff. A Russian prince takes an orphan for his mistress, and kills their child on taking a legal wife. The orphan's name is Dascha, and she falls in love with the agent of the prince, who is in love with the wife of his master, the princess; the princess returns his love. Dascha, not knowing this, implores the prince to get the agent, Ivan, to marry her, but Ivan tells the prince he was not born to take the cast-off loves of the nobles; and the first act ends with the prince going off to visit a neighbouring prince after threatening Ivan.

The second act gives us Dascha imploring Ivan to marry her, but he refuses and throws her from him brutally. Then there is a love duet with the princess and Ivan, and Dascha breaks in on them, and wild with jealousy threatens to disclose all to the prince. Ivan draws his knife and tries to stab her, but is prevented by the princess, and on Dascha promising to go away, the scene closes.

The third act shows the prince at the country seat of his friend, where for his amusement a pantomime (the opera is in the time of the seventeenth century) is given by German players, followed by some Russian singing, choruses, and dances. Dascha breaks in on this and tells the prince of his wife's faithlessness, and the prince returns home hastily with Dascha.

The fourth act shows us the prince judging Ivan, for whom there is a gallows prepared. Dascha then begs his life of the prince, and on this being refused to her, threatens to tell the princess of the child the prince has killed, and of their former love affair. Beside himself with anger, the prince, drawing his knife, stabs her, and Dascha falls dying. Overcome with remorse, the prince grants her dying request, and, forgiving Ivan, sends his wife to a convent; and the opera ends with his heart-broken request to be left alone with his sins and with God.

The title of the opera, "Gomscha," signifies *The Unfortunate*, and the whole success of the opera hinges, of course, on Dascha, which part was magnificently given by one of the best of the singers belonging to the Imperial Opera House, Madame Slavina, a handsome, well-made woman of splendid dramatic talents.

The following day the festivities closed with the Jubilee ball, and although, as a rule, Rubinstein is always, come what may, in bed by eleven, and certainly twelve o'clock, he remained at the ball till three o'clock, after a more than usually enjoyable night.

The great composer never looked better; he

seemed childishly pleased with all the attention paid him, and took quite an interest in the dancing. Some *tableaux vivants* were given of scenes from his operas, and a photograph of the composer with an autograph to all the ladies present.

Just as I write, a letter has appeared in all the papers, from Rubinstein, thanking all for the attentions he has been honoured with, and expressing his heartfelt gratitude in short and well-chosen words.

ALEX. M'ARTHUR.

Rubinstein's Reading of Bach.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE tenth Prelude of the Second Book in E minor is one of the more simple ones, requiring good fingers however, and the proper Bach playing—solid, easy, and calm. Both Rubinstein and Czerny take it *allegretto vivace*, the latter playing the opening bars *piano*, Rubinstein *forte*. Of course all imitation thought of the subject must be carefully watched and studied by the student.

At bar three there happens to be a difference in the reading of some editions, the Bach Gesellschaft edition giving it as below:—



Other editions giving it:—



Kroll's edition gives the option of playing either. At bar twelve the same thing happens again, a G sharp being placed between the A sharp and F sharp of the soprano voice in the Bach Gesellschaft and Kroll editions, and also at bar twenty-two by an A natural.

The Fugue Rubinstein phrases as follows, playing it *moderato* and *forte*:—

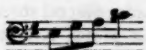


Czerny phrases the same, except that he places a *sforzando* mark on the tied notes in bars three and four, and plays *allegro vivace*.

At bar thirty Czerny's edition gives the bass in the latter part of the bar,—



instead of, as the Bach Gesellschaft has it,—



and also at bar sixty-eight, the Bach Gesellschaft gives it,—



Czerny instead,—



At bar eighty-three the Bach Gesellschaft edition and Kroll gives the alto voice A, whereas Czerny gives it B.

We have now come to the great Organ Prelude, one of those which all students who fail in part-playing should study.

In this Prelude Rubinstein, of course, brings all his wonderful power of tone into play, all his singing beauty of touch; he plays it *moderato* and with delightful calmness and *legato*, each voice singing against the others without effort and with effect, and with that variety of organ tone this Prelude requires; it is no longer a pianoforte he plays on.

Czerny commences *piano*, Rubinstein does not: the quaver passages he (Rubinstein) plays *pianissimo* even, but all the minim and semibreve notes *forte*, even double *forte*, but of course without noise, a full rich tone always equal.

This is one of the first Preludes both Bülow and Rubinstein require from young students; for without that most necessary equality of touch and individuality of each finger so essential to Bach, this Prelude cannot be played; in fact it is the fifth proposition of their musical Euclid.

The Fugue has quite another character. It is bright, lively, but very difficult.

Rubinstein phrases as follows:—



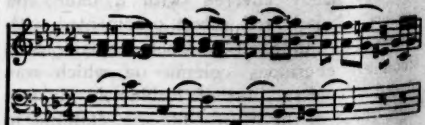
playing it as Czerny *allegretto*, or a trifle quicker. Bülow prefers this Fugue somewhat more slowly taken by students.

Throughout students should remember, in all cases where a dotted quaver is placed against the semiquavers, that it be sustained, especially where the quaver is tied. At bars sixty-one and on the pedal bass if necessary should be struck more than once. Rubinstein invariably does this.

We now come to the much played F minor Prelude, number twelve.

Rubinstein's reading of this is quite contrary to all the established laws of modern taste. He takes it *allegro piano*, and throughout with an airy sort of graciousness peculiarly pleasing; to take it *moderato* as Bülow does, he finds quite out of character, inasmuch as the second phrase from bars five to ten becomes unmeaning. All this of course is a matter of taste, but to please all tastes I will give both Bülow's and Rubinstein's phrasing.

Neither Rubinstein nor Bülow use the mordent placed over the first beat of certain bars; Rubinstein phrasing as follows:—



Bülow instead,—



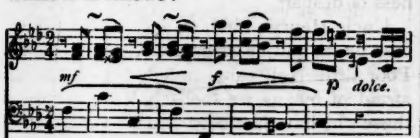
With Bülow this first phrase is *forte*, the second *pianissimo*. With Rubinstein, both piano, and delicately played. Further on, at bars twenty and onwards, both agree in phrasing the semiquavers in groups of four, as below:—



At bars forty-four and forty-five Bülow phrases the first group of quavers *legato*, the second group staccato, and bars forty to forty-three as follows:—



Czerny's reading of the first phrase of this Prelude is as follows:—



All, however, except Rubinstein, take this Prelude *andante espressivo*, just as Thalberg did, who had this Prelude down on his programmes, as a rule, whenever he played Bach.

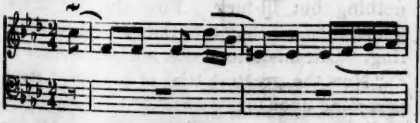
At bars fifty-four, fifty-five, and fifty-six, Bülow plays the quavers in the bars staccato, but at sixty and sixty-one he phrases as below:—



and from bars sixty-six on to the end, as follows:—



The Fugue Rubinstein plays boldly, and without any special phrasing, Bülow phrasing as below:—



At bar twenty-four students should notice that the first quaver E in the treble must not be connected with the last quaver E, an octave higher, the last E being the re-entry of the subject. And those who follow Bülow's phrasing should see that in every place, no matter how correct the subject is, it must be phrased exactly as first given.

At bars thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five, and thirty-six, where the alto voice sings the same note as the treble, Rubinstein, after striking the soprano E in a way that makes it sing sustained on to its full value in the next bar, strikes the same E, but in the alto voice, much

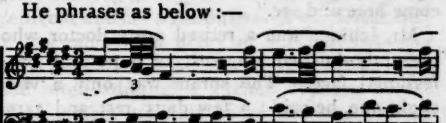
more delicately, without disturbing the first tone, and with beautiful effect. But this is very hard to describe on paper. It must be heard to be duly appreciated and understood.

All take the Fugue *allegretto moderato*, Czerny, who follows Thalberg, phrasing as below:—



With Czerny, Rubinstein altogether disagrees as to the reading of the Prelude No. thirteen in F sharp.

It is one of Rubinstein's Nocturnes, and under his fingers it is a Nocturne—dreamy, poetic, calm, but always without modern nuance; always in strict tempo, full of soul and feeling, but perfectly free of affectation or of sentimentality. He phrases as below:—



Rubinstein takes it throughout *piano* and *andante*; Czerny, after his own fashion, taking it *allegretto con moto* and *forte*, at once destroying the character. His reading I give below:—



With the Fugue both are more in harmony, both playing it *allegro moderato* and *forte*; Rubinstein phrasing as follows:—



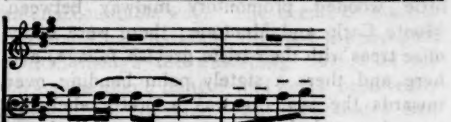
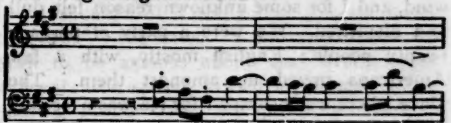
The following Prelude in F sharp minor is one of those requiring a singing touch, and is one of the most beautiful in the whole collection; but it is a Prelude only for Rubinstein; after him all other players seem to spoil and to misunderstand it.

From beginning to end it is one poem; it must be played lovingly, graciously, *dolce*, and special attention be given to the triplets that they are played in rhythm, for this question of rhythm is one of the most important things in Bach. Without rhythm, Moscheles tells us, music is not music, and without rhythm, even metronomic strictness in it, Bach is not Bach.

In fact, to understand this, students should read Philip Emanuel Bach's work on Pianoforte-playing, a book, by the way, Rubinstein is continually recommending to the piano students in the Conservatory.

The Prelude in F sharp minor also must be played always perfectly *legato*.

The Fugue following Rubinstein takes *forte*, and in a bold, spirited manner; he differs very little from Czerny in his phrasing, Rubinstein's rendering being as follows:—



At bar fifty-five and elsewhere where they occur, special attention must be given to a crisp rendering of the demi-semiquaver passages.

The shake on the minim G in the third bar Rubinstein does not play, the Bach Gesellschafft edition not giving it.

(To be continued.)

Streatham Choral Society.

THIS Society gave the first concert of its fourth season on Thursday evening, the 19th ult., when Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," and Hamish MacCunn's cantata, "Bonny Kilmeny," were performed. Either the fame of the young composer or the popularity of the young conductor (Mr. Charles Stewart Macpherson) drew many to the Town Hall, which was filled with an attentive and appreciative audience. The past performances of Bennett's beautiful composition by well-known choirs has made many critical hearers, and its rendering on this occasion did not awaken the enthusiasm of the audience, as there were not wanting indications that the work needed longer study by the choir for a finished performance to be given.

The best choruses were, "Therefore with joy" and "Abide with me;" but the lovely quartet, "God is a Spirit," lacked smoothness and unity. "Bonny Kilmeny" was rendered with greater spirit and precision. The poetic story is sympathetically treated by MacCunn, whose genius is fresh and intensely national.

"The argument" of "Kilmeny" tells of a beautiful maiden who wanders from her home into a wood (one of those "certain" woods so well known to Mr. Lewis Carroll), where she seeks flowers and listens to the birds, and falls asleep in the soft air. Now—

"In yond greenwoods there is a waikie (fairy haunt),
And in that waikie there is a wene (bower),
And in that wene there is a maikie (elf),
That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bone,
And down in yond greenwoods he lives alone."

So he and his "feres" (companions) waft the fair and pure Kilmeny away to Faeryland. At home they mourn for her as one dead; but after seven years she suddenly revisits her own country, coming softly in the gloaming into the midst of her old companions, who crowd around her with wondering queries. She answers them softly and sweetly, though with the far-away tone of a separated life, and soon returns again to the "land of thought," to appear on earth no more.

The music is delightful from beginning to end; the Kilmeny air given out in the first number by the contraltos is most graceful and melodious; its recurrence is always welcome, and haunts the ear long afterwards. The unaccompanied chorus of Spirits, "O blest be the day," was very successful, and so was the chorus, "Now shall the land of the Spirits see." The orchestral accompaniments arranged for piano—a striking feature of MacCunn's work—were played by Mr. Herbert Lake with unflinching comprehension and delicate precision. The Society owes much to Mr. Lake as concert accompanist. The solos were rendered by Miss Ethel Barnard, soprano; Miss Helen Saunders, contralto; Mr. W. F. Packer, tenor; and Mr. A. J. Taylor, baritone.

We again congratulate Mr. Macpherson on the excellent work he is doing. His choir shows a marked advance at every concert in power and purity of tone and vivacity of attack. We look for still further improvement, and expect in the near future this Society will take first rank among the Choral Societies of the metropolis. This was the first performance of "Bonny Kilmeny" in England. Next March it will be again performed, with full orchestra, under Mr. Manns, at the Crystal Palace. We prophesy for it abundant success. It is a fascinating cantata, and admirably adapted to the needs of Choral Societies.

A Real Cremona.

PART II.

LADY WHITLOCK'S picnic was like many other things in this world; it was rather disappointing. Though the sun shone brightly, there was a cold wind, and I for some unknown reason felt dull and dispirited. We were a party of perhaps twenty people; English mostly, with a few Americans mixed up amongst them. The place where we encamped for tea was a certain little wooded promontory midway between Monte Carlo and Mentone; there were many olive trees with their triste greyish foliage, and here and there a stately palm bending over towards the sea. It was a pretty sheltered spot, but sad, I thought; you could almost imagine a cemetery there. After tea, Major Greville asked me if I would take a little turn with him.

"How much longer do you remain at Monte Carlo?" he asked me suddenly in the course of our walk.

"Not more than ten days or a fortnight," I answered. "Uncle Henry is pining for his club, and Nell, I believe, has promised to pay one or two visits in the country before Easter. They are both restless people, and get tired of every place after a little while."

"And you?" he asked, looking rather intently at me, "will you be glad to go home, or sorry?"

"Very, very glad," I said heartily, while his face told me I had said just the wrong thing. "Not that I am bored at Monte Carlo a bit, but oh! I do want to see my mother again. I miss her more and more every day I am away from her. I can't think how I ever made up my mind to go."

"And there is nobody else you want to see?" he asked, with a peculiar expression in his face.

"Why, of course there is," I said, rather impatiently. "There is Ethel my sister, and there are the dogs. Dear things! how I wish they were here now. Somehow or other I am not enjoying myself to-day; not in the very least."

"I am sorry for that," observed my companion coldly, rather to my surprise, for I certainly intended nothing at all unpleasant by the remark.

"I don't think Lady Whitlock has the art of getting the right people together," I went on ingenuously, by way of mending matters. "That is a thing I shall be very particular about if ever I am rich enough to entertain. It does make *such* a difference to a party, does it not?"

No answer. We walk on a few steps in silence, and I rather begin to wish myself at home again with the Cremona. My meditations are interrupted by an observation from my companion.

"After all, picnics are a great mistake; don't you think so? I daresay, if the truth were known, you would far rather be at home with your beloved fiddle than talking to me at this moment."

"It sounds rather rude," I answer seriously, "but do you know I was thinking the very same thing. How did you manage to guess my thoughts so cleverly?"

He looks positively angry; yet I am sure I never intended to vex him. Decidedly we are not *en rapport* this afternoon, though we generally get on admirably together.

"In that case, the best thing we can do is to

turn our steps homewards," he says very stiffly. "Let us hope Lady Whitlock may soon give the signal for departure."

I had never known him so short-tempered; as a rule, he was the essence of gaiety and good-humour. I felt sorry, but rather aggrieved. I meant no offence. I was only thinking aloud, and what business had he to look so very cross?

As we strolled through the wood, my foot caught in some unnoticed stump or bramble; I was down before I could save myself, and uttered a piteous cry of pain. Major Greville's stern face suddenly changed. He looked as sorry and as full of heartfelt sympathy as any one can possibly imagine. Even now I remember the curious sense of relief and comfort I felt when his strong arm was held out to support me, as I tried to stand and failed ingloriously.

"I have sprained my ankle, I think," said I, with a silly little hysterical laugh that had some tears in it.

He knelt down at my feet, having first made me sit down on a fallen tree. "I am afraid you have," he said seriously, after a very short inspection; "but I will ask Jenkins just to come here and see."

Mr. Jenkins was a retired army doctor, who presently bustled up with an important professional face. The sprain was only a very slight one, he said; a few days' rest and care, and various bandages and local applications, would doubtless remedy the mischief. Like most healthy people, I hate being an invalid; but there was no help for it. For the next week I lay as patiently as I could on a sofa in my bedroom, with Nell's maid Willis installed as head nurse, and only Nell herself to depend upon for news of what was passing in the outer world.

"I must say you look very interesting," she remarked one day when I was becoming convalescent. "At any rate, this has given you plenty of time to practise, and I suppose you are more wildly devoted to the Cremona than ever."

"On the contrary," I answered, "I am becoming rather sick of it. You will laugh at what I am going to say, Nell, but I can't get rid of a sort of idea that it is unlucky, and will bring me into more trouble before I have done with it."

"What nonsense!" cried Nell, laughing. "I never knew before that you were superstitious."

"If you remember," I went on unheeding, "five minutes after I bought it, my purse was stolen, and I have heard no more of it. Then I met with this stupid accident, and not ten minutes ago I dropped my watch and broke the main-spring. If that is not sufficient ill-luck for one fortnight, I don't know what you call it. I believe it has something to do with those horrid stains."

I spoke in half jest, whole earnest, as we sometimes do when we do not wish our friends to laugh at us. Nell, to cheer me, tried to give a more lively turn to the conversation.

"My dear," said she very sensibly, "you are moped up here, and have nothing to do but imagine all sorts of things. I am glad to be able to tell you that your medical attendant says you may hobble down to the *table d'hôte* this evening, provided you keep your foot up all day, and are extremely careful."

This was very welcome news, for I was indeed tired of my own society. When the great bell rang I was quite ready to descend with the help of my kind old uncle's stalwart arm. Major Greville smiled his congratulations from the opposite side of the table; a newly arrived American, who happened to be

Nell's latest conquest, was duly introduced to me. I felt happy, slightly elated, and a person of considerable importance. Dinner was nearly over when my eyes suddenly fell on my left hand, and I missed a ring which was hardly ever absent from my finger.

We are all more or less fond of inanimate things, and as it happened I valued this ring almost more than anything I possessed. It was a handsome sapphire, in a quaint, old-fashioned setting, and it had been in our family for many generations. Nothing would have induced me to part with it for any sum whatever.

When I returned to my room, I hunted in every imaginable corner and drawer, turned my pocket inside out, shook my dress violently, but without success. This fresh piece of ill-luck absolutely staggered me, but a worse misfortune was close at hand.

"Are you here, my dear?" asked Uncle Henry, after knocking at my door. He had an open telegram—hateful sight!—in his hand, and he spoke in the peculiar voice in which some people evidently consider it expedient to break bad news. "My dear Cecil, pray compose yourself. Your dear mother is ill, very ill, and you must go home at once. We must pack up to-night and start, all of us, by the early train to-morrow. That's right, my dear, that's right. I am glad you have the courage to bear it bravely."

I did not say a word. I had started up to meet him, with my heart in my mouth, as people say, but now I sat down again, with the calmness of despair.

Uncle Henry's kind, fat face looked less rosy than usual, and he seemed considerably flurried. Poor little Nell came timidly behind him, half afraid of me, as we foolishly feel sometimes of those who have just been struck down by a heavy sorrow. She knelt down at my side, rubbing my poor, cold hands with her own warm, loving ones. But I could take no notice of her. I felt too utterly wretched, almost as if I were turned into stone.

"May I see the telegram?" I said at last, in a voice that sounded like somebody else's, and not at all as if it belonged to me.

A telegram never beats about the bush. It might be charitable to do so, but it comes too expensive. "Mother dangerously ill—Cecil wanted at once," ran the message, with Ethel's name at the end. Though it was too late to start that night, there was no time to lose in making the necessary preparations.

"Poor, dear Cecil," said Nell's soft voice wistfully, "it was only this afternoon you were saying that the Cremona had brought you nothing but ill-luck. First the loss of your purse, then all the other things, and lastly your ring. One misfortune after another, and now—"

"Now the greatest trial of my life, it seems, is coming upon me," I answered bitterly. "Oh, Nell, how can you call the other things misfortunes? *un grand chagrin tue tous les petits!*"

I limped about putting my things together, and perhaps the bustle of packing did me more good than harm. At last my boxes were locked and strapped, and I had them taken downstairs to be ready for our early start next day. As for the Cremona—of which by this time I had a sort of superstitious horror—it was laid in its case and deposited under the sofa, on which stood my dressing-bag and other etceteras. It was very late by the time everything was finished. Nell left me after a tender good-night kiss, and I lay down tired enough, but sleep was slow in coming. Sorrow and anxiety seemed to have made me strangely wakeful, and for hours I tossed about, listening to the noise of the waves breaking against the

rocks long after every sound in the hotel had ceased.

I don't think we ever really spend a whole night without sleeping, do we? at any rate not when we are young and healthy. I must have lost consciousness at last, for I dreamed a very curious dream. In a room full of splendid furniture I seemed to stand, an invisible spectator. The walls were panelled and tinted in some pale delicate colour, on which were painted various groups that reminded one of Watteau; there were Louis XV. chairs and precious marqueterie tables in profusion, and the inlaid and polished floor was bright and slippery as glass. At one end of the room stood an old harpsichord, and before it, with her face turned towards me, sat a most lovely woman playing. I remember even now the witchery of her smile and the radiant sweetness of her soot dark eyes. She was dressed in a brocaded sacque, and over her powdered hair was drawn a black hood lined with rose-colour; she had evidently just returned from either ball or opera, and was trying to recall some fragment of an air that had caught her fancy. By her side stood a handsome young man, also in the dress of the last century. His hair, too, was powdered, and he wore a velvet suit, laced with gold, knee-breeches, and pointed shoes with diamond buckles. He had a violin under his chin, and seemed to be doing what he could to assist the lady's memory. Distinctly can I recall the air as they played it together, some old-world gavotte or minuet, full of stateliness and yet of gaiety as well.



The white and gold folding-doors behind them were partly open, and through them crept presently a stealthy, cat-like footstep. An old man—probably the lady's husband—came noiselessly behind the two, who played on unconsciously. I felt as if I longed to call out and warn them, for his face wore the most cruel, malignant look I ever saw on any human countenance. He stood watching them for a minute or two with a horrid sort of smile of satisfaction; then with a sudden spring and a howl like that of some wild animal, he threw himself upon the young man, and plunged a dagger deep, deep in his heart. The music broke off abruptly; I could hear a smothered groan of anguish from the violin-player as he staggered and fell; I could see the dreadful red stream as it poured over his lace ruffles and the lady's rich dress. She put up her hands quickly and turned her head aside shuddering at the awful sight; and with her shriek of horror ringing in

my ears, I awoke, unnerved and trembling, but rejoiced to see the first rays of welcome daylight stealing through the window of my room.

But what had happened? Something dreadfully alarming, for the walls were rocking, the plaster was falling in large pieces from the ceiling; even the combs and brushes on the dressing-table were dancing up and down in a kind of intoxicated jig. As for the scream with which my dream had concluded, it seemed to be echoing and re-echoing through the house. I jumped up as quickly as my ankle would let me and opened the door. There Willis, the maid, met me, pale and agitated. "Oh, ma'am," said she, "I was just coming to call you. For Heaven's sake come down directly. There has been an earthquake, and they say the house may fall upon us at any moment."

As my first idea was that the end of the world had arrived, to hear that it was only an earthquake was almost re-assuring. I dressed hastily, poor Willis insisting on helping me, though she evidently thought she was doing so at the risk of her own life. Outside the hotel I found Uncle Henry in his tall hat and a long grey dressing-gown, and Nell in a red flannel petticoat and her sealskin (which was fortunately a long one). But many of our acquaintances were far more remarkable in their attire. We had often admired a French countess in the most perfect toilettes; here she was braving the chill February morning in a thin and dirty wrapper, and looking at least twenty years older—poor soul! without either teeth or *toupet*.

Many people looked as if they had jumped out of bed in a panic—as they probably had—and flung the nearest available covering, whether sheet, shawl, or blanket, over their shoulders before rushing out. It was comical indeed to see men of all ages and various nationalities wandering helplessly about, in the sketchiest of *deshabille* it is true, but almost invariably with hats and sticks.

"And how is the ankle this morning?" asked Major Greville, coming up suddenly to where we three were encamped on a bench in the gardens. He was fully dressed, and his nerves did not appear to have suffered from the shock. Not much damage was done to any of the buildings, so he told us, thanks to the solid foundation on which they were built; both at Nice and Mentone things were considerably worse, and a stranger carnival had never been known within the memory of man. He was, as usual, sensible, thoughtful, and kind; he not only looked after some of the invalids and old ladies who were too much scared to have their wits about them, but he managed in the midst of the general bustle and confusion to get us some breakfast out of doors, and to have our luggage carried down to the station. There we found ourselves in the midst of a disorderly and excited crowd, eager to leave the place as soon as possible. People who looked as if they ought to know better were kicking, pushing, fighting for a seat in the train which was about to start, proving that fear is indeed the most infectious of all diseases. With some delay, room was found for us in a compartment with eight other people, whose looks gave us anything but a cordial welcome.

"I wish you were coming with us!" Nell said frankly as we took leave of Major Greville, and my heart echoed the wish, though my voice was silent. He smiled, looking at me rather wistfully as he answered, "So do I, but perhaps I may be useful here, and England expects every man to do his duty!"

"If your ring is found I will write at once, Miss Mainwaring," he added, "and perhaps some day you would let me know whether you find your mother better. Army and Navy Club

—you will not forget?" and the tone said more than the words, as he held my hand a shade longer than necessary, and took off his hat as our train moved slowly off.

"What an experience!" said Nell, laughing; "and how glad I am that father and I managed to get hold of a few decent garments, and put them on before our journey. I even took my hair out of curl-papers, Cecil, did you notice? That is what I call the triumph of vanity over fear."

"I should call it the ruling passion strong in death," I suggested. I had no fringe of my own to be anxious about, and Nell's complacent little speech tickled my fancy. Since leaving Monte Carlo, my spirits had risen in an unaccountable way. The events of the last two hours had naturally diverted my thoughts a little, though the absorbing subject of my darling mother's danger had never been really absent from my mind. But now that I had time to dwell upon it, I was far from being as miserable as might have been expected; I felt somehow buoyed up by a certain conviction that she was better, and that good news would meet us at our hotel in Paris. Anyhow, I decided to look hopefully at the brighter side of things, and not anticipate the worst.

"Cecil dear," said Nell all of a sudden, "are you sure you have got all your things? I have been looking high and low for your violin-case, and do you know I can't see it anywhere. I do hope it has not been left behind."

"Oh, ma'am," broke in Willis, with a dramatic start, "whatever will you say to me? The young man from the hotel asked me was that all the luggage, and I answered, 'Wee,' thinking it was, and now I do really believe that new old fiddle of yours must have been forgotten, all owing to that blessed earthquake."

"So much the better, Willis!" I cried, much to that good creature's astonishment, as I recalled my strange dream and felt sure that it referred to the violin, which had brought me nothing but ill-luck. "I am delighted to hear it, for you could not have done me a greater kindness, and instead of scolding you I am ready to thank you with all my heart!"

"My dear, what are you talking about?" put in Uncle Henry from his corner of the carriage. He spoke in his usual mild voice, but rather as if he thought I had gone mad. I recollected myself, and said no more; but my relief at getting rid of the Cremona, with all its fascinations, was nevertheless very real.

Great news awaited us at the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion. My mother was out of danger, and Nell and my kind uncle sympathized in my delight as heartily as they had felt for my sorrow and anxiety. Then there was also a short note from Major Greville, telling me that though nothing, alas! had been heard of my ring, my purse had been most unexpectedly recovered with its contents untouched. The police had found it in the possession of one of the most notorious pickpockets of Nice, who had been seized while in the act of committing a still more important theft. Meantime it was safe in Major Greville's keeping, and he also asked for directions with regard to the Cremona, which the hotel proprietor had confided to his care. My answer was short and to the point, but it must have considerably surprised him. "Please take care of the purse, but do whatever you like with the violin; I do not wish ever to see it again."

Our good friend told me afterwards that this reply caused him much astonishment, for I never gave him the idea of being a capricious person. He was still more surprised when, on taking the violin to a music-shop in Genoa with a view to selling it for me, he was told, "Ah,

yes! we know that violin very well, but nobody will have anything to do with it; it must have some strange history, for it brings the purchaser nothing but ill-luck." At last a young and strong-minded musician consented to buy it for twenty pounds, and there its history ended as far as I was concerned, for I heard no more of it.

Oh! the joy and thankfulness I felt when at last we landed at Dover and I found my mother, pale and weak indeed, but still on the road to convalescence. I was sitting over the fire in her room the day after my arrival trying to amuse her and Ethel with the account of my adventures. I happened to be wearing the dress I had had on that last evening at Monte Carlo. Suddenly something small and hard struck against my instep, and, thinking it was a pebble, I raised my skirt, and to my amazement and delight out rolled my sapphire ring upon the carpet. In some inexplicable manner it had lodged in the hem of the flounce and remained there safely until the present moment.

"There!" I exclaimed. "Mother dear, do you see that? You may scold me if you like for being superstitious, but I am more than ever convinced that that horrid violin was responsible for all my bad luck."

"And yet," put in Ethel reproachfully, but with laughing eyes, "you were unkind enough to go away and leave it on the hands of a poor innocent man who had never done anything to harm you!"

"Do you mean Major Greville?" I answered nonchalantly. "Oh, he did not mind, he is a very sensible man Uncle Henry always says. Some day I suppose he will send me my purse and the money, and if he does I must just write and say 'Thank you,' if mother has no objection."

"And you never expect to see any more of him—of course?" pursued my sister wickedly, trying to peep over the screen I was holding so carefully between my face and the fire.

"Of course not!" I repeated with admirable feigned indifference. But I must own, reader, that my conscience smote me a little as I told this abominable story.

VERA.

Peasant or Prima Donna.

BY AN OLD IMPRESARIO.

—o:—

V.

I MUST confess to a slight feeling of nervousness when, arrived at the end of our journey, it became necessary for me to introduce our new guest to my wife. I had, of course, written to acquaint Hester with the fact that I should bring with me a young person of whom, or more correctly speaking, out of whom I believed a good deal might be made; but I had not prepared her for the apparition of a Scarlet Lady in *propria persona*. However, I need not have been alarmed. My wife's Arab-like faculty for never being surprised or taken aback by anything, stood her in good stead on this occasion; besides, her motherly heart was touched at the sight of the tired, frightened girl, whom she instantly swept off to be warmed, fed, and comforted.

When Hester came back to me, after having seen her charge to bed, she took up her knitting, and quietly asked,—

"What do you expect to make of that girl?"
"The greatest operatic contralto in the world," I replied, with decision.

"That you will never do," she remarked, with equal decision. "This Betty is a good little country girl, and will never be anything else. I don't say that you might not make a ballad-singer of her, but it would be sheer waste of time and money to try and turn her into an opera-singer."

"Nonsense, my dear," I said testily; "wait till you hear her sing. You know Rossini said only three things were necessary for an opera-singer; the first is a voice, the second a voice, and the third a voice."

"Then Rossini didn't know what he was talking about," replied my wife; after which there was nothing more to be said. Still, although I would not allow it even to myself, this conversation caused me a little uneasiness. My wife did not pretend to be infallible, and never said, "I told you so;" but experience had taught me that her prophecies were very apt to come true. However, a good dinner restored my equanimity to a great extent, and my belief in my own judgment.

I had decided to give Betty a day or two to look about her, and get used to her new surroundings before beginning her musical education. By the end of the second day, to the astonishment of my masculine mind, the girl was metamorphosed into a very fair outward presentment of a young lady. She was dressed in the neatest, trimmest style, her hair was arranged in the most becoming fashion, and she had learnt to use her knife and fork in the method approved by a small minority of civilised mankind. Then I felt it was time to send for my most useful and trusty aide-de-camp, Herr Müller. Müller does not pretend to be a "finishing" master, but he is a sound musician, and an excellent teacher as far as he goes; and it was he whom I had chosen to lay the foundation of Betty's training. He is one of those persons, less commonly to be met with than might be supposed, who are correctly described as "poor but honest;" therefore I felt that I could depend on him not to divulge my secret. I really believe that the practice of one innocent little bit of duplicity all his life had left him no power of exercising deception upon any other object. The fact was that Herr Müller was a true-born Englishman, but finding that the great middle-class, among whom his *clientèle* chiefly lay, preferred a foreign to a home-made article, he had, early in his career, assumed the name of Müller, together with a most remarkable mode of speech, his broken English being in far smaller pieces than that of any foreigner.

I looked forward to a most triumphant recognition of my perspicuity when Betty had once given proof of her powers, and, as far as Müller was concerned, I was not disappointed. After a thorough trial of the girl's voice in all its registers, I made an excuse for sending her out of the room, and then, as the door closed behind her, I turned to receive the verdict of the two auditors.

"Ach! my dear sir," cried the little musician, "what a voice! Grossartig! Ausgezeichnet! Kolossal! It is ze voice of a—what you call it—bridge-angel."

"Archangel," gently corrected my wife, who had long ago won Müller's heart by always appearing to believe in his assumed nationality. "A very natural mistake in a foreigner, since a bridge is generally an arch."

"Such power, such sweetness, such—such bathos!" went on Müller; "it trills me to my inmost inside."

"I know I can rely on you not to go talking about this discovery of mine," I put in. "Of

course I want to keep it as quiet as I can until it is time to bring the girl out. It is a difficult matter, in these days, to keep a valuable thing to oneself."

"Oh, yas, you may impend on me," was the reply. "I will not so much as respirate a wort about it." So saying, he bowed himself out.

"What do you think now? Who was right, you or I?" I asked my wife. "Do you still say that with that voice Betty can never be made an opera-singer?"

"She is a dear, good girl," was all the satisfaction I received, however.

Betty's training now began in good earnest. She had a singing lesson, short at present, every day, and soon I intended that her very much neglected education should be taken in hand. For so-called useful knowledge I cared nothing, but it would be absolutely necessary for her to learn something of the science of music, the pianoforte, and the Italian language.

Everything seemed to promise well at this time except for one drawback, which caused me much anxiety. Betty was obviously unhappy. It seemed impossible for the country girl to feel at home in the great city, or at her ease in the society of those whom she naturally looked upon as her betters. It was difficult, moreover, to provide her with any amusement or pleasure. She was too completely ignorant to be able to appreciate theatres, or even concerts, while the streets and shops bewildered without impressing her. Even her music-lessons were not, as yet, any enjoyment to her, though she worked conscientiously at her exercises and scales. No doubt, to one used to continual manual labour, a life of comparative inaction is rather burdensome than otherwise.

Shortly after our return home I had to set off on my travels again in order to start a provincial concert-tour, which I had previously organized. I was only absent about ten days, and when I arrived at home again, I was quite dismayed at the change for the worse which had taken place in Betty's appearance. She had grown thin and pale, her eyes were dull, and her manner listless and depressed. As soon as I could get my wife alone I anxiously inquired what was the matter with the girl. Her answer was simple enough.

"Home-sickness, nostalgia, Heimweh, mal de pays, whichever you like to call it. The malady is the same, and a very painful one it is."

"But she ought to be getting over all that by this time," I said; "at seventeen one soon forgets."

"Ah, but girls in her rank of life are always old for their age. Betty's heart is in her East Country still, I know, for she has begun to confide in me. She is fretting for her old life, the animals which she used to tend, the fresh air and homely ways. Do you remember one day when we were shopping in Oxford Street, she asked you where the east was, and you pointed towards Holborn? Well, since then, whenever I have asked her which way she would like to walk or drive, she always chooses the direction of Holborn. Though she is so quiet, I believe she is really a girl of some character, and with very strong affections."

"Of course that rascal Tom is at the bottom of it all," I said crossly. "Her voice will suffer if she goes on like this. She has fretted herself nearly to a shadow already. The best plan will be to take a house at the sea-side for a few weeks as soon as I can leave town again."

But this project was destined never to be carried out. One morning, about a week after my return home, I was sitting in my study, getting through some arrears of work, when I

heard an unusual shuffling and whispering outside my door. Then came a timid tap. "Come in," I cried, somewhat impatient at this interruption. The door slowly opened, and in came Betty, but not the pale, heavy-eyed, indifferent Betty whom I had been accustomed to see during the last few weeks. This was such a fresh, radiant, altogether glorified Betty, that I doubt if I should have known her had I met her in the street.

"Oh, if you please, sir," she began, breathlessly, "if it's no inconvenience to you, I should like to leave your service as soon as you can suit yourself."

"My service, Betty," I cried, quite hurt; "haven't we done all we could to make you feel at home, and like one of the family? I don't think you ought to talk about service."

"Oh, you and the missus have always been very kind, and I've no fault to find with the place, but"—Here she paused, and then went on faster than ever, "but, you see, sir, Mr. Brooke, the third keeper, has got a situation as head, so the Squire give Tom the place, and old Mrs. Bates, as lived at the little back lodge, has gone to live with her married daughter at Yarmouth, so the Squire said as how Tom could have the lodge rent free, if so be as he could find some one to open the gates, and the gentleman at the furniture-shop said he could have what things he wanted, and any he couldn't pay for now could come out of his wages, and so"—

"And so you want to go home and get married," I remarked, as she paused to take breath.

"Well, no, sir," was the reply, "we got married this morning, sir. Tom," she continued, suddenly opening the door, "it's your turn now. Speak up, and tell the gentleman what you came to say."

Enter Tom, looking desperately ashamed of himself, and blushing a rich purple as he pulled violently at his forelock, by means of which he seemed to imagine he could pull ideas into his brain. Then, having taken out of his pocket a large coloured handkerchief, he carefully unknotted one corner, from which he produced three sovereigns. The whole ceremony was performed much as though it were a very elaborate conjuring trick.

"Mornin', sir," he began in a very hoarse voice. "I've brought you what's left out of the five pound you give me to get Betty some things. Bein' as how she's going to leave your situation so soon, we thought, leastways Betty thought, we ought to return you what we hadn't spent."

"Yes, sir," interrupted Betty, "and I've put the gown and the shoes and the rest of the things I bought into the new box, and left them in my room. I thought they might come in useful for the next girl."

This was almost too much. Did she think that I had a series of gifted contraltos ready to my hand; that I had only to hold up my finger, and a second Alboni would cheerfully come forward and enter my "service"? For a moment vague ideas of adopting the newly-married couple flitted through my brain. I felt as though, rather than forego my hopes of future triumph, I would take a country place with the shooting attached to keep Tom occupied, and a herd of Jersey cows for Betty's amusement during her period of training. But an instant's reflection showed me only too clearly that the game was up. Fate, or rather nature, had been too strong for me, and, as a wise man, there was nothing for it but to bow to the inevitable. I gave the young couple free leave to take themselves off to their country home by the afternoon train; and I

presented Tom with the three sovereigns which, at his wife's instigation, he had so conscientiously returned to me, as my contribution towards the furniture. Moreover, I pressed upon Betty's acceptance the various articles she had bought at my expense; this, however, was no very alarming sacrifice on my part, since I had no immediate use for a scarlet frock, tan shoes, or a box of the spotted dog order. As for my wife, for the first time in our wedded life she thoroughly irritated me by the pleasurable excitement which she could not conceal at this untoward event. Like all good women, she feels an unreasoning sympathy and interest in engagements and marriages, however ill-assorted or inconvenient they may be.

Two years later I again had occasion to go down to Norwich on business, and, finding myself with a few hours to spare, I could not resist the inclination to run over to Dunstanthorpe, to see whether my "mute, inglorious" contralto had yet repented of her choice. If by any chance she had become a widow, grass or otherwise, it might not be too late to do something with her. On arriving at the station I inquired my way to the "Little Back Lodge," which I found lay through the park. As I passed the great house, I reflected on the changes that had taken place in the lives of those who had spent some summer days together there, only two years before. Mrs. Fitzhugh had, at last, resigned her freedom to become the wife of Lord Newmarket, *alias* the "Baboon." Fortunately, her million was tightly tied up upon herself and her son, or by this time it would have no longer represented seven figures. Her house was not, as formerly, the favourite resort of the chief stars of the musical and artistic world. Lord Newmarket would tolerate no celebrities but those of the turf, and the yell of the "bookies" was the only music he could endure.

But a few months before, Miss Hardway, who had always piqued herself on her strong common sense and excellent judgment, had astonished all her friends by leading to the altar a beautiful but penniless Spanish marquis, whom she has ever since supported in comfort, not to say luxury, by her professional earnings. And Stornelli? Well, he is Stornelli still; the same tame singing bird, whom all the great ladies desire to see hopping about their drawing-rooms, and whom they feed with lumps of sugared praise. But I prophesy that his reign will not last much longer. He is beginning to acquire a certain *embonpoint*, and his enemies assert that he wears a *toupée*.

After leaving the house behind me, and passing the great stables by which it was flanked, I came suddenly round a curve in the drive upon quite an idyllic picture. There, close to the entrance-gate, but nearly hidden by masses of flowering rhododendron, stood a quaint little cottage, consisting of nothing but a ground-floor, and running out into points like a sort of architectural star-fish. At the back was a little colony of dog-kennels and pheasant-coops, which marked it as a keeper's home. The door stood wide open, and on the threshold sat a lilac-printed young woman, with a piece of needlework in her hand. At her feet sprawled the inevitable baby, over which an ancient-looking retriever kept solemn guard. The whole scene would have served admirably as the frontispiece to a Sunday-school prize book.

I approached cautiously nearer, half concealed by the clumps of rhododendron. Yes; that placid, prosperous-looking young woman was undoubtedly the same Betty who ought, by rights, to have made my name and her own

famous throughout the length and breadth of the civilised world. At that moment the possessor of the finest contralto voice in Christendom, or heathendom either, was contentedly humming a hymn tune,—Moody and Sankey, of course,—for the amusement of the baby, as she stitched away at some infinitesimal garment. It seemed a pity to disturb so peaceful a scene by making my presence known, since the sight of me could only arouse unpleasant memories in Betty's mind. As I turned away, for the first time I asked myself whether the girl's choice of a lot in life was altogether so criminally foolish as I had hitherto regarded it, in view of the golden opportunity that had been held out to her. Could it, after all, be possible that she was happier as a peasant than she would ever have been as a prima donna?

THE END.

Plymouth Notes.

ON December 11th Mrs. Shaw came, whistled, conquered. After her most captivating exhibition, no one will be surprised if a regular whistling mania breaks out amongst the fair sex here. The charms of her person must divide the honours with the charms of her art; and he would be a bold man who presumed to strike the exact balance. Be that as it may, the combination was strikingly effective. The "house" was by no means a full one, but, as the accepted terminology goes, made up in enthusiasm for what it lacked in numbers. Whatever it might think of whistling in general, it apparently could not have enough of Mrs. Shaw's, and seemed prepared to encore her *ad infinitum*. So, altogether, *la belle Siffleuse* (*vide advertisements*) must have been well pleased with her reception.

Mrs. Shaw was accompanied by the same party as in other towns, and no detailed reference is called for. But perhaps, apart from the great novelty, the programme was hardly attractive enough to secure a very large audience.

TWO noteworthy concerts have been given in connection with the Marine *Matinées* since I last wrote. The programme on November 20th contained something to please everybody; but I should select as the "gem" the Andante from Schubert's Tragic Symphony. Hamm's "Das Dreigespräch" displayed flute, oboe, and clarinet to great advantage, the band being unusually strong in this department. The performance of Doppler's Overture on Hungarian Motives, introducing music of a kind distinct from anything else in the programme, deserved rather more applause than it actually obtained.

THE next concert included the Andante and Scherzo from Beethoven's Symphonie No. I., of which a fair rendering was given. Eilenberg's Spanish Serenade, "La Manola," is a favourite at these concerts, and was given once more on this occasion. Like all that composer's work, it is light (*very*) and attractive—if not heard too often. The band at first struck me as being hardly at its best; but in the second part there was an improvement, this being manifest in a capital rendering of Rossini's "Semiramide" Overture. The operatic selections were "Maritana" and "Faust." But the best work done by the strings, outside Rossini's Overture, was in Gillet's delightful *pizzicato* "Loin du Bal," which has been mentioned two or three times in these Notes, and which was interpolated, to the great advantage of the programme.

As usual during the festive season, there is nothing announced of great public interest. Amateurs are tuning up for their various functions, and preparing to delight their friends—or horrify them, as the case may be!

A. P.

Musicians in Council.

Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON,	Pianist.
MRS. MORTON,	Violinist.
MISS SEATON,	Soprano.
MISS COLLINS,	Contralto.
MR. TREVOR,	Tenor.
MR. BOYNE,	Baritone.

DR. MORTON. I have here a little book which I daresay most of you know, for it is already in its fourth edition. It is called *Advice to Singers*, by Frederick Crowest (F. Warne & Co., London), author of *Phases of Musical England*.

Boyne. Yes, I know it; it is a useful book of its kind, more especially as the author does not profess to teach singing without a master, but only to give supplementary hints. Mr. Crowest's hints are, however, very comprehensive. A singer, according to him, must practise all the virtues, from godliness down to cleanliness, to say nothing of early rising, the most difficult of all. He must avoid pastry and brown sherry, but lay in a store of useful and ornamental information. After this, who would be a singer?

Dr. M. One of the best chapters in the book, because the fullest, is that on practice, and even here we have evidence of how impossible it is to teach by precept alone. For example, it is all very well to tell a pupil to open his throat, to keep the larynx down, and to send the tone forward "on the teeth," but it is quite another matter to explain *how* all this is to be done. The beginner naturally has not the least idea how to depress the larynx, and is blissfully ignorant of the fact that he ever sings at the back of his throat. According to my experience, the only way is to show him as well as you can the quality of tone you desire, and then let him reproduce it.

Miss S. I read the book some time ago, and I remember being struck by the remark that when a person is in the act of yawning, his throat and tongue are in the correct position for singing. I instantly went and yawned in front of a looking-glass, and saw that my throat was open wider than I ever imagined it possible, and my tongue lay flat at the bottom of my mouth. The unfortunate part of it is that one can only practise exercises on open vowels in the "yawn position;" it is impossible to keep it up when singing a song, at least if the words are to be pronounced distinctly.

Boyne. I quite agree with his advice to the student to imitate some first-rate singer, whose voice is of the same kind as his own. Also that he should first make himself acquainted with the songs he is going to hear, take notes of any points that particularly strike him, and afterwards endeavour to reproduce as far as possible the general effect. Of course he must guard against catching the mannerisms which even the best singers are not always free from.

Mrs. Morton. I see another point on which Mr. Crowest insists very strongly is that the singer should never clear his throat when husky, but swallow instead. Considering what a very elementary rule this is, it is curious how constantly it is disregarded. In a cathedral, for instance, one always hears a chorus of coughing and scraping before an anthem begins. On the other hand, I have always noticed that a good singer will sing *through* his huskiness, though this must require a great deal of self-control.

Dr. M. In the way of music, I have a charming volume of Handel's choruses arranged for the organ, with pedal obligato, by Henry Smart (Ascherberg & Co., London). This beautifully got up book contains twenty-four of the finest choruses, the arrangements of which are by no means difficult. It would make a very appropriate present for a young organist. The price is 10s. 6d. Then I have an "Adagio in E Flat," which forms the first of six movements from Haydn's string quartets, transcribed for the pianoforte by Adolphe Schloesser (Cocks & Co., London); "The Court Favourite," a dance tune "of a lively

yet dignified character," as the composer himself describes it, by Michael Watson (Cocks & Co., London); and a waltz, entitled "A Pair of Blue Eyes," by Vivian (Cramer & Co., London).

Miss S. I have brought Trotère's new song, "By Normand's Blue Hills" (Cramer & Co.). It is of much the same type as "In Old Madrid," but not quite so pretty. Its attractions are, however, enhanced by *ad lib.* violin accompaniment.

Trevor. I wonder in what part of Normandy the blue hills are situated. It is true I have not yet explored the entire country, but I have never met with any hills worthy of the name, blue or otherwise.

Miss S. You must not be hypercritical. Since Shakespeare laid one of his scenes on the sea-coast of Bohemia, all lesser poets feel that they have every excuse for geographical licence. Another rather pretty little song is "Undying Love," by Luigi Caracciolo (Cramer, London). The melody and accompaniment are both of that style which in the conventional language of criticism (a very different thing from Christendom) is termed "flowing." "Sweet Memories," by Stuart Scott (Orsborne & Tuckwood, London), I cannot describe as specially striking or attractive as regards either the music or the words.

Mrs. M. Talking of words, I wish some really clever and original composer would set Clement Scott's little poem "Two Christmas-Tides," which appeared in the December number of *The Theatre*. It is particularly adapted for singing; there is quite a cadence in the last line of each verse. Take the second and third verses, for example:—

"From out the Peace of Paradise,
Star-crowned and vested in blue,
The Blessed Mary turned her eyes,
And gently let them fall on you—
Her eyes on you.

She wept in pity for your soul,
So beautiful, so tempest-tost,
Into your gentle heart shy stole,
And loosened one more from the lost—
The Lonely Lost."

Now that may not be very fine poetry, but it is distinctly melodious, and with a harmonium, or, better still, a cello accompaniment *ad lib.*, would be charming.

Trevor. Gounod could do it justice, if he would only return to his old style, the style of "Nazareth." But now you must all please sit tight, and prepare to be startled. I have got a comic song, and it is actually funny! It is called "The Courtship of the Owl and the Pussy-Cat," music by George Ingraham, words (I think) by the late Edwin Lear (Ducci & Co., London). They are nonsense verses, but then nothing is so clever as good nonsense.

Mrs. M. I think I know them. The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea, didn't they, in a beautiful pea-green boat?

Trevor. Yes, and they "sailed away for a year and a day, To the land where the bong-tree grows." After the wedding "they dined on mince and slices of quince, which they ate with a runcible spoon." What is a "runcible spoon," I wonder? I feel quite as if I ought to know; also to what species the "bong-tree" belongs. There is a thin, but still sufficient, little tune to this song, which, if well sung, ought to appeal to such of the audience as are blessed with a sense of humour. "John's Wife," by J. L. Roeckel (Ascherberg & Co., London), is a ballad of a type with which we are all familiar, but still it is rather superior to the ordinary run. The melody is unpretending, and there is a touch of pathos about the words. I object to one of the marks of expression, which is "Faster with animato." Did you ever hear such a mixture? We shall have composers putting "Slower with expression" next. My last song is "When shall we meet?" by Oscar Verne (Orsborne & Tuckwood, London).

Mrs. M. I have a piece for violin and piano called "Romance sans Paroles" by E. Polonaski (Alphonse Cary, London). Like nine-tenths of the violin pieces published in England, this is evidently intended for amateur players, since not only is it extremely easy, but here and there the high passages are transposed an octave lower for the benefit of such performers as are unable to shift with comfort to themselves or

their hearers. Then I have a Fairy Cantata called "Dimplechin" by Thomas Murby (T. Murby, London). This is a really bright and pretty composition, not beyond the powers of any fairly clever children, as so many of these so-called juvenile cantatas are apt to be. Mr. Murby has accomplished the difficult feat of combining the utmost simplicity with taking melodies and lively choruses. I have recommended "Dimplechin" to some small cousins of mine for performance at their next birthday party. In view of the favour with which the banjo is regarded in some circles, I am not surprised that Mr. Alphonse Cary should bring out a "Popular Banjo Album." This contains songs with banjo accompaniments, solo pieces, duets for two banjos, and even trios for two banjos and pianoforte.

Boyne. Like the Fat Boy, I "wants to make yer flesh creep." I have a grisly song about a pirate ship called "The Vampire," by Michael Watson (Ascherberg & Co.). Even the drawings on the cover are thrilling. There is a vampire, which at first sight might be mistaken for the harmless unnecessary hat, a death's head with cross-bones, and a black schooner under full sail. The refrain runs as follows:—

"Dead men no secrets tell,
Mercy but scant we show—
Young or old, we seize their gold;
Then up the plank they go."

You will be gratified to hear that in the end England sends out a cruiser, "ably armed and manned," to capture the *Vampire* and hang her crew. This song would delight the heart of the boy members of an audience. Of course it is only published in keys to suit a baritone or bass, though really I fail to see why a song about villainy should be considered so particularly appropriate to a man with a low voice. Another song of a would-be rollicking order is "The Fisherman," by Frank Manly (Orsborne & Tuckwood). Somehow, one is not very much impressed by the jollity of the fisherman's life and doings as therein related. There is too much effort at *abandon* both in the words and the music.

Miss C. I have a curious song called "Beyond the Sea," by Odoardo Barri (Cramer & Co.). The first part of this is in the composer's usual style, but in the refrain at the end of each verse we hear the melody of "Auld Lang Syne" in the accompaniment. The bit that struck me as curious is where the poet (!) says,

"And all I long for shall be mine,
For ever in our home above,
But never more in Auld Lang Syne."

Doesn't that sound exactly as if he thought "Lang Syne" was a place.

Trevor. Perhaps he thinks it is one of the principal seaport towns of Scotland, situated on the river Dee.

Mrs. M. Oh, but you never can tell what a song-writer means from what he says. I believe he is generally quite innocent of thinking or meaning anything whatever.

Miss C. "Love's Reverie," by H. Kreuz (Ascherberg & Co.), begins well, and would be a pretty little song if it did not tail off at the end of each verse into a dismally commonplace waltz refrain. The composer is the more to blame for using this stale device, because he shows that he can do better if he chooses, and therefore is not compelled to rely on clap-net effect.

Miss S. It is odd how much longer a fashion lasts in music than in anything else. The waltz refrain has been in favour for years, and it shows no signs of losing its attraction for a certain class. If it had been a bonnet, or a new sort of trimming, it would have been discarded after a few months. I wonder why we are so much more constant in music than we are in dress.

Dr. M. Triple time, the true dance measure, has maintained its popularity with the "masses" ever since its first introduction centuries ago. And, after all, there is no reason why compositions written in this time should be vulgar or commonplace. The waltzes of Beethoven and Schubert show what can be done with this measure. If our English composers must go on writing waltz songs, it is to be hoped they will endeavour to raise them to a higher level by means of fresh melodies and original characteristic accompaniments.

Foreign Notes.

AT an auction sale of autographs recently held at Berlin was put up to bidding the manuscript of a piece for piano, entitled the "Polonia" Overture, alleged to be by Richard Wagner. Whether the pianoforte version is really from the pen of the composer "of the future" is not at all certain. The "Polonia" Overture in C was written in Wagner's earliest youth, and it is dated Leipzig, 1832; that is to say, when he was only nineteen. It has, I believe, never been published, but the full autograph score is among the art treasures at Bayreuth.

A CERTAIN French writer, Honore Roux, having in preparation a volume of biographical recollections of the childhood of distinguished contemporaries, wrote to Verdi for details. With his usual modesty, however, the Italian composer refused, stating that he had "passed his childhood entirely in obscurity and poverty," and adding, "You can find many names and persons who better than myself deserve to be offered as an example to your children."

THE distinguished pianist, Mme. Marie Jaell, now resident in Paris, has undertaken the huge task of performing the whole of Schumann's works for piano solo, in chronological order, on the six Thursdays from Nov. 14 to Dec. 19. After this she proposes in like manner to go through the whole of Chopin's piano works, and in January to give a concert, at which she will play all the four piano concertos of Saint-Saëns in one evening. Such serial performances may be instructive to a few, but it is doubtful if even the most skilful pianist can avoid producing a feeling of monotony and weariness.

THE Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, the brother-in-law of the Emperor William, has set to music "The Persæ" of Æschylus; and his work was performed with complete success at Athens during the recent fêtes, and it is to be given shortly at a concert in the Classical High School at Charlottenburg.

THE time seems to be rapidly approaching when much of our music will be executed for us by electrical agency. Already manufacturers are busy making electric pianos, and now we read that at a concert at Leipzig an electric-stringed lyre attracted great notice. Some of the tones of this instrument, which seems to be of considerable compass, are said to resemble the notes of the violin, others those of the violoncello. Indeed, it is hoped soon to get the instrument to play duets written for these instruments.

ON the 31st November Mayor Grant signed an ordinance which had been passed by the Board of Aldermen of New York forbidding the performance of brass bands or hand-organs in any of the streets of the Empire City. The passing of the ordinance was strongly supported by a protective association of musicians, and henceforward any player torturing the ears of the American public, either by means of German bands or barrel-organs, will for each and every offence forfeit the sum of £2. As even an organ-grinder, wealthy as he frequently may be, cannot earn much more than £2 a day, the new law will probably stamp out an admitted nuisance.

PEROTTI.—Shortly before his departure to America, the tenor Perotti made his farewell appearance in Buda-Pesth in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," and with such decided success, that the director immediately closed a star engagement with him, to take place after his return to Europe from his present engagement in New York.

AN act of homage has been paid to the music of "Otello" by the Italian Minister of Fine Arts, or rather by that department of the ministry which

watches over musical street performances. The playing of extracts from "Otello" on barrel-organs has been absolutely forbidden. As a rule, the owner of a barrel-organ may introduce on his instrument any melody he thinks fit to annex, conditionally on his paying to the Association of Musical Composers the stipulated fees for the right of performance.

VOLAPUK, according to that sure guide, the *Fremdenblatt*, has scored another victory. We generally get the most startling news concerning English-speaking countries from the Continental papers. No one will therefore be surprised to read that the director of the Brisbane Opera House, Queensland, Australia, has translated into Volapuk the libretto of Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and has caused his version to be performed at his theatre. The *Fremdenblatt* goes on to say that although the prices were greatly increased, the representations of the "Prophète" in Volapuk attracted such a crowd that ten other performances were immediately announced. To inquire of the *Fremdenblatt* whether there is even an opera company of any sort now in Australia would perhaps be altogether too cruel.

THE Triple Alliance has been celebrated by an "Alliance March," by Rudolf Wallnofer. It contains the Austrian and Italian National Anthems and the "Rhine Watch."

IT is well known that Queen Marguerite of Italy is an excellent musician. She is credited with being an admirable singer and pianist, and by a wise step just taken she has rendered even still more solid service to the cause of art. It appears that on her last visit to Venice, Her Majesty inspected the famous library at St. Mark, where they showed her certain manuscripts which had been preserved there, and amongst other things hitherto unpublished works by Monteverde, Clari, Stradella, and other composers. The Queen examined these manuscripts with attention, and finally conceived the idea of rescuing them from the comparative obscurity of the library of St. Mark. At her desire the President of the Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome, the composer, Cesare Pollini, and Professor E. Wiel, are now examining the documents in question at St. Mark's, and are selecting the more interesting in order that they shall be printed and published.

THE famous library at Parma, which contains a large quantity of autograph, manuscript and other music, missals, etc., scattered over various departments, is also, through the intervention of the Queen of Italy, about to be re-arranged. The whole of these musical treasures will soon be placed in one library by themselves, and will thus be available for reference and research.

FRIENDS and acquaintances of Madame Menter will remember her extreme partiality for domestic pets, and will probably call to mind her favourite cat Klex, which for some years has accompanied her in all her travels. They will be sorry to learn that this globe-trotting feline died in St. Petersburg the other day at an advanced age.

JAPANESE music is coming westward, but simply, we may suppose, as a curiosity. Professor von Bocklet has published, in Vienna, a collection of Japanese pieces arranged for the pianoforte. Among them is an example of the variation form, which will be interesting.

HEINRICH HOFMANN'S opera "Aennchen v. Tharau" has just been produced at the Berlin Opera House. This ten-year-old opera is one which would seem to be well suited to small theatres with an efficient company, and we have never quite understood why it is so entirely ignored in this country. It was played a few times at Edinburgh some years ago, and since then appears to have been forgotten.

SIGNOR PAOLO SERRAO has been elected to the post of Director of the Conservatorio of Parma,

vacant by the death of the late Signor Bottesini. It was at first hoped that Signor Faccio, the well-known conductor of the orchestra at the Scala Theatre of Milan, would accept the post, but he eventually declined. Signor Serrao is, however, distinguished in his own country both as a composer and as a teacher.

THE new patent ceiling at the Chicago Auditorium, which Madame Patti will open next month, should be a perfect godsend to Italian Opera managers of the old school. When the house is likely to be full—say on Patti or Jean de Reszké nights—the theatre would be available to its utmost capacity. On the other hand, when the money taken at the doors is not likely to exceed £15 or £20—say on "Sonnambula" or "Lucia" nights—a false ceiling is gradually lowered by a crank apparatus, and conceals the two upper tiers, the first circle thus becoming the gallery, and the house not presenting the deserted appearance which it otherwise would when one of the Bellini-Donizetti operas is being executed.

THE opera "Günild," which was left unfinished by the late Peter Cornelius (author of "Der Barbier v. Bagdad"), and of which some fragments were performed at the last Tonkünstler-Versammlung at Wiesbaden, has been handed over by the composer's widow to Herr Lassen, at Weimar, to be completed, with a view to its early production.

MR. PLUNKET GREENE, the young Irish baritone, sang at Berlin in a concert on the 14th November, with brilliant success; and certainly his audience had no reason to complain of any want of opportunity to gauge his ability—for he sang songs by Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Jensen, and Brahms, besides Parry's Anacreontic Ode, and Stanford's "My Love's an Arbutus."

WE gather from our excellent contemporary, the *Chicago Indicator*, that America, young though she is, and impatient of tradition as she is supposed to be, is yet old enough to care about historic violins. It appears that Herr Riechers, the well-known Berlin violin-maker, has recently taken over to Chicago a number of old instruments, including a well-authenticated "Strad," a Joseph Guarnerius, and a Bergonzi. Herr Riechers was astonished to find so ready a market for his wares in the City of Pork, the whole of his collection fetching good prices.

THE Sarasate-D'Albert concerts in America are an enormous success. It appears that the receipts of the first performance amounted to close upon £1000, and that upon subsequent occasions the results have been equally satisfactory. A question suggested itself whether Mr. Abbey's policy of showing "stars" in constellations will prove a good one in the long-run. The late Mr. Lumley ruined the ballet by a *pas de quatre*. His public would not look at a *pas de deux* after it; they wanted a *pas de six*.

MME. MARCHESI, who is the most renowned teacher of operatic aspirants in Paris, is the subject of a considerable amount of talk in musical circles in New York. "She is," said one of the members of Emma Juch's Opera Company, "the most remarkable old lady that ever lived in the way of penuriousness. She grasps at money wherever the chance offers, and it is her rule that when she is not well her pupils must pay her just as though she gave them lessons; while if the pupils are ill they pay just the same. This is very hard for the majority of American and English girls who are studying music in Paris, who have to depend almost entirely upon their own resources for support, and every penny counts. Mme. Marchesi pretends to have a tremendous interest in every pupil who approaches her, but she does not pay the least attention to those whose voices are merely good without being great. Once in a while an Emma Eames or a Gerster comes along, and then Mme. Marchesi throws herself into the instruction heart and soul. She gets nearly all of the wonderful voices, for the simple reason that the French do not believe in having a man teach a girl. They think that a woman instructor will be much more firm and decided."

Accidentals.

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ON Saturday last the committee of the Worcester Musical Festival settled their programme for the meeting of next year. It includes Dr. Bridge's new work, "The Repentance of Nineveh," Dr. Parry's "St. Cecilia" and "Blest Pair of Syrens," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "St. Paul," the "Messiah," Mozart's "Requiem," Bach's "A Stronghold sure," the "Creation," Spohr's "God, Thou art great," and Williams' "Last Night at Bethany." Two symphonies—Schubert's in B minor, and Beethoven's in C minor—are also in the list, together with a new orchestral piece by Mr. Elgar, a local composer.

THE death is announced of Mr. F. Davison, one of the oldest and best known organ-builders in this country. The firm was, it is said, founded as far back as 1774 by Mr. John Gray, whose grandson took his brother-in-law, Mr. Davison, into partnership. Gray and Davison soon made their name felt in the organ world, and some of the best instruments came from their workshops. Moreover, two of the most prominent of modern organ-builders, that is to say, Mr. Henry Willis and Mr. Monk, were originally apprenticed to the firm.

GLORIOUS accounts have reached this country concerning Mr. Santley's performance in "Elijah," at Sydney. One critic, who had heard him in England, recognised a "marvellous increase of artistic power and subtle intent," and went on to speak of his "matchless mastery and unerring judgment." The receipts at the first "Elijah" concert exceeded £650. Two more performances were given at intervals of three days, with like results.

MR. E. H. TURPIN has been invested with the degree of Mus. Doc. Cantuar by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the only man in this country who, though he may be wholly ignorant of music, has the power of conferring such honours. Despite the extraordinary collection of names of remarkable musicians attached to the recommendation, many people will regret that Mr. Turpin, who is an eminent musician, and does not need such barren compliments, should have consented to confer lustre upon an honorary degree, at which the profession of music has always rightly sneered, and Sir George Grove's Dictionary not altogether accurately describes as "an anomalous power of creating a doctor of music by diploma still rests in the Archbishop of Canterbury. The only regulation existing in connection with this strange prerogative is that the person for whose benefit it is exercised shall pay £63 in fees."

IT is intended during the next season of English Opera at Drury Lane (beginning on Easter Monday) to play classical and popular works on alternate nights, the hope being to gather within the fold amateurs of all tastes, from the followers of Wagner to the devotees of Balfe.

THE trustees of the Joseph Maas Memorial Fund have resolved to offer the prize for the ensuing year to the Royal Academy of Music. Tenor vocalists only are entitled to compete. The prize for the present year is in the hands of a student connected with the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

MISS MACINTYRE is in such great demand at home that she has cancelled her foreign engagements, and will remain in England until the close of the next Italian Opera season.

I BELIEVE that Mr. Augustus Harris has under consideration an idea to place Wagner's "Die Walküre" on the stage at the Royal Italian Opera next season. If so, M. Jean de Reszké has already agreed to play Siegmund; and in that event the intended production of "Tristan und Isolde" would be postponed. The matter will not probably be definitely settled one way or the other until after January 1, before which date the lessors have the right to cancel the lease, should they prefer to enter into any contract to sell their interests outright to Mr. Harris or to anybody else.

MR. ISIDORE DE LARA is reported to be studying at Paris with M. Maurel. It is also stated that it is not impossible that Mr. de Lara's cantata, "The Light of Asia," will be produced this season in London. The work was spoken of highly by the late Dr. Hueffer, to whom it was submitted, and has been privately performed in Paris, M. Maurel being one of the soloists. It is possible to hope, therefore, that Mr. de Lara proposes to devote his undoubted talents to work worthier than any he has yet accomplished.

THAT the musical infant phenomenon is no new invention is proved by the following advertisement from the *Morning Chronicle* of June 9, 1785, which has been forwarded to the *Musical World* by Messrs. Broadwood:—"Mr. Astley (of the Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge) begs leave to inform the nobility, gentry, and others that he has engaged, for twelve nights, that amazing phenomenon the Musical Child, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He is only thirty-six months old, has the judgment of the most professed theorist in music, and is allowed by all ranks of persons to be the most astonishing natural production that ever made its appearance in the known world. This infant is to perform in the centre of the school, on the Forte piano; several known airs," etc. The same journal, in announcing a performance of "Messiah" by the Royal Society of Musicians, intimates that "No ladies will be admitted with hats, and they are particularly requested to come without feathers, and very small hoops, if any."

THE Norwich Festival for 1890 will take place on October 14, 15, 16, 17. Handel's "Judas Macabæus," will open the Festival. The novelties, as was long ago stated, will consist of a new work for chorus and principals by Dr. Parry, and Mr. Hamish MacCunn's setting of his father's version of Hogg's "Queen Lynde." Among the vocalists already engaged are Madame Nordica, Miss Macintyre, Miss Liza Lehmann, Miss Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Alec Marsh.

THE young Scottish pianist, Frederic Lamond, has taken up his residence in Germany. A symphony from his pen will be produced at the Crystal Palace early in the new year.

IT is said in the Italian papers that the tenor Marconi recently received a message that he had lost his entire fortune owing to the failure of a bank. Small wonder that even whilst singing in the "Huguenots" he immediately lost his voice.

THE list of novelties for the next Philharmonic season will include a new symphony by Dvorák, a new orchestral Suite by Moszkowsky, a new orchestral work by Mr. Peter Benoit, a Venetian orchestral Suite by Mr. Mancinelli, and new works by Mr. Frederic Cliffe and Goring Thomas.

IN the handsome concert-room of the Hampstead Conservatoire, Miss Agnes Bartlett, one of Liszt's most talented pupils, gave a series of Four Historical Recitals, on which occasions she played compositions

ranging from Marcello, Rameau, Scarlatti, Bach, etc., to Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt, her programme including four sonatas, the fifteen variations with fugue, and the Polonaise by Beethoven, Weber's "A flat Sonata, Schumann's "Carnaval," and many other works of more or less importance,—in all, nearly forty compositions.

THE large organ of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, is undergoing considerable additions and improvements. The authorities have engaged Mr. Eustace Ingram, of Holloway N., to complete the organ in accordance with the original specification of it. This entails the addition of many important stops, amongst others a 32 ft. open diapason on pedals. The whole instrument will be thoroughly renovated, and no effort spared to constitute it one of the finest in the North.

ON Tuesday evening, December 3, the Broughty Ferry Choral Union (Dundee) gave their first concert for the season in the Volunteer Hall, when Mr. J. More Smieton's new Cantata "King Arthur" was produced before a large and appreciative audience. The soloists were Miss Resch Pettersen (soprano), Mr. John Probert (tenor), and Mr. W. Riley (bass), all of whom did full justice to the music allotted to them. By means of a carefully-selected orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. W. Cole, of Glasgow, and a well-trained chorus of seventy voices, a most adequate representation of the work was secured, the whole being under the personal direction of the composer, who received quite an ovation when the cantata was brought to a close. The subsequent notices of "King Arthur" in the local paper have been of the most flattering description.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD leaves England for America on March 14 next. The dates of the three festivals for which he has been engaged are as follows:—Boston, April 6-13; Cincinnati, May 21-24; Chicago, May 26, 27. Engagements are now pending for the intervening dates, some of them Canadian. Mr. Lloyd remains abroad till the end of June. He will be wanted in England long before then.

WE regret to hear that the health of Madame Arabella Goddard no longer permits her to follow her profession as a teacher, and that she is in need of assistance. A committee has been formed, under the auspices of Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, and a public appeal will, in the course of a few days, be made on behalf of an artist who did excellent work for music in the concert-room. Possibly no musician known to the English public, unless it be Sir Charles Hallé, has covered so wide an extent of ground as a pianist, or introduced more new or unfamiliar compositions, than Arabella Goddard. The record of her services in the volumes of the Popular Concert books is, indeed, a monument of industry and research. It may be that the style of "pianism" in which Madame Goddard was trained has gone out of fashion, but this will be no bar to the assistance soon to be invited.

MR. C. LEE WILLIAMS' Church cantata, "The Last Night at Bethany," is making its way round the English-speaking world. It has been performed at the Cathedral of St. Louis, and will soon be heard in Johannesburg, South Africa. Its speedy production in Denver is also looked for.

THE many musicians and amateurs who regard the veteran, Prosper Sainton, with respect and affection, may be interested to know that the collection of charming drawings in silver point now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries is the work of his son, a young man of the highest promise. In this case art is hereditary, though the manifestation has changed.

A LITTLE while ago some of Mr. Michael Maybrick's fellow-artists proposed to give him a complimentary concert, marking the occasion of his re-entry into public life after recent events, to which no definite allusion need be made. Mr. Maybrick deeply appreciated the feeling which prompted the offer, but, on consideration, felt bound to decline it. We think the wisest course has been taken. Mr. Maybrick requires no proof of the fact that he has the respect and esteem of the musical public, and a demonstration is, on various grounds, better avoided.

MISS DAMIAN, the contralto, will shortly make her appearance on the stage of English Opera. Her success in that line during the tour with Madame Albani in America has led her to resolve upon this step. She will not, however, entirely give up her concert work.

It is no doubt something for English amateurs to be proud of that foreign managers are more and more desirous of engaging our native singers. But, though complimentary, their action has its inconveniences. It certainly tends to impoverish our concert-rooms. We now learn that the manager of Kroll's Theatre, Berlin, is tempting Miss Macintyre to appear at some special operatic performances next season, and that she will, in all probability, accept the offer.

THE business of choosing an English organist to open the gigantic instrument built by Messrs. Hill for Sydney seems to have been muddled. In the first instance, Sir Saul Samuel, on the recommendation of Dr. Bridge, applied to Mr. Hoyte, who sent in his terms for the engagement. These were forwarded to the colony, and found somewhat higher than the authorities expected or were prepared to grant. The matter had not been settled one way or another, when Mr. Best, having an engagement in Chicago, offered to go on to Sydney. That offer was accepted, and Mr. Hoyte, as our Yankee kinsmen would put it, "got left." It can hardly be said that the antipodean owners of the big instrument have treated him with fairness.

At Messrs. Collard's establishment in Grosvenor Street, a most representative meeting was held of authors, composers, and music publishers—a gathering which will probably pave the way to the establishment in Great Britain of an association similar to the *Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs de France*. Despite the opposition of one or two firms, it is apparent that the creative and executant intelligence of the country is firmly resolved to be paid fair wages or fair work. Consequently it is proposed that the new society shall be empowered to collect fees not only for dramatic works, but for all songs written, composed, and published by its members and delivered in public. Among the publishers who support the new undertaking are Messrs. Chappell, Hopwood, & Crew, Robert Cocks, Novello, Ewar, & Co., Patey & Willis, Lafleur, and Stanley Lucas; while the authors and composers include Messrs. F. C. Barnard, Clifton, Bingham, Sutherland, Edwards, W. S. Gilbert, George Grossmith, B. C. Stephenson, F. E. Weatherley, Luigi Arditi, Frederic Cowen, Odoardo Barri, Alfred Cellier, G. Jacobi, E. Jakowski, Tito Mattei, J. L. Roeckel, C. Villiers Stanford, Edward Solomon, Paolo Tosti, Goring Thomas, H. Trotter, and Miss Hope Temple. The meeting was strictly private, Mr. Ashdown being in the chair. Great unanimity prevailed, and eventually a provisional committee, consisting of three authors, three composers, and three publishers, with Mr. Alfred Moul as secretary, was appointed, with the object of drawing up a report to be submitted to another meeting of those favourable to the establishment of the proposed society.

THE third *matinée* of "Gretchen Green" at the Comedy Theatre on the 11th ult. showed a marked improvement. The acting of Mr. Richard Temple and Miss Leonora Braham was exceptionally good; indeed, the whole performance went with great spirit, and raised the audience to enthusiasm.

Great credit is due to Mr. Richard Temple as stage manager, and the play will no doubt meet with the success it deserves.

DOLGELLY is but a little place in a sparsely populated and out-of-the-way district, but, in view of the annual Eisteddfod, to be held on New Year's Day, a prize of £40 is offered for the best choral performance, besides prizes for male-voice concerted singing, soprano, tenor, and bass solos, brass band performance, violin solos, string-quartet playing, etc. This is how they manage matters in Wales.

Better from Liverpool.

—:o:—

LIVERPOOL, December 1889.

DEAREST ALICE,—The musical novelty of this month has been the first appearance in Liverpool of Mrs. Shaw, the famous American sifflesse. This lady made her *début* here at a concert given last Saturday evening at the Philharmonic Hall, under the direction of Mr. Mapleson. She was supported by Mademoiselle Dotti, Madame Lablache, Miss Levallois (solo violin), and Messrs. Groome and Clint, the conductor being Mr. Van Noorden. I will not attempt to criticise her performances, for the simple reason that whistling is a branch of my education which has been sadly neglected. Consequently, I am completely ignorant of the correct technical terms which a critic should employ when describing a good or a bad whistle. Whistling is certainly a very desirable accomplishment to possess when taking one's pet dog for a walk in town or country; when wishful of attracting the attention of a sublimely unobservant omnibus conductor; or when desirous of calling to one's aid a guardian of the peace. Under any of these circumstances a good vigorous whistle might prove a most powerful ally, but in the drawing-room or on the platform it is, in my humble opinion, decidedly out of place. What are your ideas on the subject, dear? Don't forget to tell me them when next you write. Mrs. Shaw has brought all the resources of art and training to bear upon her somewhat eccentric accomplishment, with the result that her performances are marvellous exhibitions of skill and cleverness, but here my eulogy ends, with the sincere hope that a serious artlike music will not stoop to welcome farceurs and acrobats within the ranks of its devotees.

On Saturday afternoon, December 14, Miss Margaret Webster gave a farewell benefit recital at Messrs. Dreaper's Rooms, Bold Street. This young pianiste, although a resident of Birkenhead, has made so many friends on this side of the Mersey, that the news of her approaching departure for Buenos Ayres has called forth many expressions of regret. She is very courageous to wish to court fortune in so distant a land, but her decision is one of great wisdom; for while over here the market for good teachers is glutted, there the supply is not equal to the demand, and an accomplished lady like Miss Webster will soon win a way for herself among music-loving "Buenos Ayrians."

The programme of the last Philharmonic Concert was bristling with novelties. Fancy being treated to Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, the Overture from Wagner's "Fliegende Holländer," and the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto all at one concert. The committee must value our receptive powers at a very high rate, but they should be careful nevertheless, for if this sort of thing continues we shall become so fastidious that nothing but the very "latest editions" will satisfy us. The soloists of the evening were Lady Hallé and Edward Lloyd. Besides the afore-mentioned concerto, Lady Hallé delighted her hearers with a "Romanza" by Joachim, and "Il Moto perpetuo" by Ries, in both of which she enjoyed the advantage of the pianoforte accompaniments being executed by her renowned husband. Lloyd sang

divinely, as indeed he always does, and his exquisite rendering of "Lend me your aid," from Gounod's "Irene," was alone worth traversing any distance to hear. At the next concert Handel's well-known Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," is to be given, and the artistes who will take part in its performance are Madame Clara Samuel, Miss Moorhouse, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Henry Piercy, Mr. Emeric Beaman, and Mr. Edward Grime.

Since my last letter, Mr. Schiever has given two of his series of classical chamber concerts at the Art Club. With the exception of a pianist, the only performers were the quartett party, consisting of Messrs. Schiever, Akeroyd, Courvoisier, and Fuchs. Mr. Steudener-Welsing undertook the duties of pianist at the first concert, and Mademoiselle Léonie Michiels occupied his place at the second. If a well-filled room and an appreciative audience means success, then both concerts were very successful, and Mr. Schiever must feel both happy and proud at the thought that he has won so many friends and admirers in the city of his adoption. The next of the series will be given on January 18th.

The fine arts are certainly coming to the fore as a medium for advertising purposes. Nineteenth century advertisements are very different from those of bygone days, when a flaming poster or an impossible figure were considered as possessing all the necessary attributes for attracting the eye of the public. Now we have "Bubbles" by Sir John Millais, "You Dirty Boy" by C. Focard, "How Clean" by Frith (against his will, it is true), and many other celebrated pictures and pieces of sculpture all used to disseminate a knowledge of the virtues of some article of merchandise. But until quite recently I was unaware that music had been requisitioned for this purpose. The other day, however, I received a complimentary copy of a piece of music entitled "A Nautical Romance" by E. Solomon, with words by F. C. Burnand. On looking it through, you can imagine how surprised I was to find it merely an advertisement for Salt Regal (a patent medicine manufactured in Liverpool). The music commences with the air, "See the conquering hero comes," and the words are eulogistic of the surpassing merits of Salt Regal, and written in a comical strain, as the name of their author would naturally lead one to presuppose. In the twentieth century, the sole right to publish Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" will doubtless be purchased by the proprietors of a "Moonlight scrubbing paste," or the Pastoral Symphony by the patentee of a wonderful "sheepfold." In the race for wealth nothing is sacred, and it is to be wondered at, that some enterprising manufacturer of wooden arms has not chanced to light upon the idea of affixing a pair to the Venus of Milo, as an advertisement of his wares.

St. Cecilia was well represented on board the White Star steamer *Teutonic* on her last outward voyage. Madame Patti and her husband, Madame Nordica and her mother, and Miss Lena Little were all on board, and many of their friends came to Liverpool to see them off and wish them God-speed. I am beginning to feel quite jealous of America; it is monopolizing all our best artistes, and the saddest part is that they do not seem to mind; indeed, I fancy they rather like it. A friend of mine writing from New York says that the great star there at present is Frau Lillie Lehmann-Kalisch. Our cousins across the Atlantic appear to be much more emotional than we are, for when their great favourite Alvari (son of the painter Achenbach) appeared for the last time, all the beauty and fashion of New York stood in two rows from the stairs to the exit of the Opera House, and the girls cried, some even going up and putting their arms round him as he passed on his way to the carriage. After such adoration, what wonder if a London or a Liverpool audience is thought cold and unsympathetic!

This is rather a shorter letter than usual, but I am sure you will overlook its brevity when I plead "shopping" as my excuse. The shops are really so tempting just now that I cannot tear myself away from them. I know that you also share my weakness for seeing pretty things and hunting out novel Christmas presents—what woman does not? A useful little gift is on its way to your country homestead, which I hope will win your approval. A Happy New Year to you all.—Your loving sister,
NETTA.

Edinburgh Musical Notes.

THE "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

DR. A. C. MACKENZIE IN EDINBURGH.

IF there was anything calculated to excite the liveliest interest among our ordinarily sober and staid countrymen, it was surely the first performance of a work which is the outcome of the combined genius of Scotland's greatest and most revered poet, and that of her most distinguished musician. The Music Hall, as might be expected, was crowded by a brilliant and representative audience when the "Cotter's Saturday Night" was performed for the first time on Monday night, the 16th ult. The work was originally intended for the Birmingham Festival of 1888, but circumstances prevented Dr. A. C. Mackenzie from bringing it forward at that time, and the honour of its first public performance has very appropriately been reserved for Edinburgh. The first question that naturally presents itself to those interested in the products of our national genius is how far Dr. Mackenzie has been successful in providing a fitting and worthy musical framework for a poem that is deeply rooted in the hearts of all patriotic Scotsmen. It has been sometimes said by certain wisacres that the "Cotter" is by no means one of Burns's loftiest inspirations. Be that as it may, however, the poem is one that has gone straight home to the hearts of the Scottish people, and we are content to accept their verdict as being the true one. Dr. Mackenzie's task has been no light one, and it has been accomplished in a way that shows how keenly alive he has been to its exigencies, in their way as difficult as any ever set before a composer.

The "Cotter's Saturday Night" is probably one of the last poems likely to commend itself to the ordinary musician in search of a subject suitable for musical treatment. The simple and placid beauty which pervades Burns's immortal lines, the peculiar character of the dialect, and the absence of those irradiations of fancy, and stirring and dramatic incidents so conspicuous in the libretti of many recent choral works—all would be regarded as proving the entire unsuitableness of the poem for musical purposes. But Dr. Mackenzie's eclecticism, and his rare power of descriptiveness, have enabled him to triumph where few other composers could have hoped to attain any success whatever. His love for all things Scottish, and more especially for the music of his country, have inspired him with a determination to write music that would not discredit the lines of our national bard, and in this he has been successful beyond our most sanguine expectations.

It is too common a fashion now-a-days among modern composers to ignore the fact that the voice—the true organ of expression—should be considered first of all, and everything made subordinate to its efficacious use. They treat it as simply a co-ordinate factor with the orchestra in the musical ensemble, and sacrifice its demands to general requirements. Dr. Mackenzie is not, however, a flagrant offender in this direction, and his vocal music in this work offers no difficulties that may not be overcome by singers of average ability. Some people will doubtless complain that there is a dearth of melodic beauty in the work. To that large class of music-lovers who are content to accept the lighter and more infectious forms of musical composition as embracing all that is worth listening to, the complaint is well grounded. There are indeed very few passages that make any pretensions to being of a purely melodic character. Even in that part of the poem where we are shown so beautiful a picture of the simple piety of Scottish pastoral life, Dr. Mackenzie's music is much less impressive and ecclesiastical in its style than one might naturally expect to find. Indeed, it was impossible not to feel that here at least the composer had not made the most of his opportunity.

On the other hand, however, the "Cotter's Saturday Night" contains many passages of great beauty; the treatment of the lines descriptive of "Jenny," "the neebor lad," and the apostrophe to love being especially beautiful. Dr. Mackenzie's orchestration is superb. He is a consummate master of those multifarious and exquisite effects in tone-painting which in modern orchestration play so important a part in the accompaniment of such works as this. The rendering of the "Cotter" was worthy of the highest praise. Notwithstanding a slight lack of precision and crispness in the attacks, the Choral Union sang throughout in a way that compares favourably with any appearance they have made during the past ten years. The sopranos, although somewhat poor in volume for their number, attacked the numerous A's in alt with really commendable certitude and purity of intonation; while the other sections must also be credited with having done excellent work. At the close of the "Cotter," Dr. Mackenzie, who conducted his own work, was received with enthusiastic cheers, which were renewed again and again. The event was, in truth, a notable one in the history of Scottish art, and it was attended, as it deserved to be, with all the distinction and brilliancy worthy of the occasion.

The other numbers on the programme included a remarkably fine rendering of Stanford's grand choral ballad "The Revenge"—surely one of the most wonderful tone-pictures ever penned—and the performance of Weber's "Der Freischütz" Overture, which received a superlatively fine rendering; a quaintly charming Largo for strings by Haydn, and Mendelssohn's music to "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," were the other numbers in a concert which, taken all round, has seldom been equalled and certainly never surpassed in Edinburgh. It should be mentioned that Mr. Collinson had a most flattering reception after conducting "The Revenge."

Music in Bristol.

ENTERTAINMENTS of all sorts have been somewhat crowded together lately here, and consequently the attendances at some of them have not been so large as was hoped for. Sometimes, however, the citizens seemed to rise to the occasion; as, for instance, in the case of the farewell visit of Mr. Sims Reeves, and the first of Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy's Classical Chamber Concerts, which two events clashed, both being on November 18; but this did not prevent each receiving due support. A large and appreciative audience assembled in the Victoria Rooms to listen to the excellent programme of chamber music which was provided; Herr Ludwig being as usual first violin, and on this occasion Mr. Frederic Lamond was the pianist. It may be remarked that the latter eminently gifted artist has yet much to learn in concerted playing, for during the whole evening the piano so overpowered everything else, that several of the audience remarked that they had "heard nothing but Mr. Lamond." Wonderfully clever as his playing is, this result is not a desirable one, but inasmuch as it is a far easier matter to subdue power than to produce it, the fault may be very easily remedied.

An enthusiastic crowd thronged Colston Hall on the same evening to hear Mr. Sims Reeves take his farewell of a Bristol audience. He was supported by Madame Bertha Moore, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr. C. Mannors (vocalists), Mr. and Mrs. Roeckel (piano-forte), and Mr. Haddock (violin), while Mr. Fagg discharged the duty of accompanist. Mr. Reeves was in good voice, and in response to the ovations which succeeded each song, he, in two instances, kindly gave encores, so that the list stood thus: "The Message" (substituted for "Adelaide"), "Come into the Garden, Maud," "My Pretty Jane," "The Bay of Biscay," and "The Jolly Young Waterman."

The other performers had no reason to complain of their reception, for applause was unstinted, and the demand for encores frequent. Mr. and Mrs. Roeckel kindly contributed two duets arranged for two pianos, and Mr. Haddock gave two violin solos.

On November 25th the members of the Post Office Band gave a very creditable concert before a large audience at Colston Hall. They were assisted by Miss Clara Cornwall and her brother Mr. John Cornwall, who are both natives of Bristol, but who made their first appearance in public in the city of their birth on this occasion, and who gave great pleasure by their well-trained and artistic singing. Mr. G. Riseley also contributed two organ solos, and Mr. Fred Watts conducted, and the latter certainly deserves credit for the progress made by the band since its formation some few years since.

The third annual concert of the Bristol Gleemen took place on the 5th ult., when the Victoria Large Room was well filled. This comparatively new Society shows evidence of good and careful work, with the result of steady progress. That there is yet considerable roughness observable, is to be expected, but this will lessen year by year, and in time we may look for the united attack, precision, and defined light and shade, which are evidently being aimed at by the painstaking conductor, Mr. W. Kidner. One of the most interesting features of the evening was the performance of Dr. Pearce's setting of Longfellow's "Euceladus," which was conducted by the composer. The composition is strikingly clever and appropriate, and we hope that though this was the first, it may by no means be the last time of its performance. The delivery of this effective work was one of the greatest successes of the evening. A new part-song by Miss Ellicott, written for the Society, was also performed for the first time; and the rest of the programme was as follows:—

"Hark the Merry Drum,"	Krugh.
"Phyllis Dyes her Tresses Black,"	Prendergast.
"Peace to the Souls of the Heroes,"	Dr. Callcott.
"The Gondolier,"	Commer.
"O Happy Fair,"	Shield.
"Image of the Rose,"	Reichardt.
"When the Wind Blows,"	Bishop.
"Sleep, Holy Babe,"	Dr. Dykes.
"Stars of the Summer Night,"	Hatton.
"The Warrior's Song,"	Hatton.
"How Soft and Clear,"	Stolber.
"Life's a Bumper,"	Wainwright.
"The Homeward Watch,"	Smart.
"Mynheer Vandunck,"	Bishop.
"O Sanctissima,"	—
"Sing, Gallant Comrades,"	Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy's second Chamber Concert took place on the 9th ult., when the attendance was rather limited, partly, perhaps, owing to a Ballad Concert, with the attraction of the wonderful "whistling lady," Mrs. Alice Shaw, which was going on at Colston Hall on the same evening. The programme comprised a string quartet by Miss Ellicott, and Beethoven's Quartett in G for strings, a violin solo and a violoncello solo, and two songs by Mdle. Noemi Lorenzi. The strings were represented by Messrs. Ludwig, Halfpenny, Marriott, and Pomeroy.

Miss Lock's second Popular Chamber Concert was given on the 10th ult. The chief items were Prout's Quartett in F for strings and piano, and Gade's Novelletten in A minor for piano, violin, and violoncello. The executants were Miss Lock, Messrs. Hadson, Gardner, and Pavey. Miss Clara Butt, a young Bristol lady with a fine contralto voice, was the vocalist, and contributed three songs in a manner which made us glad to hear that she was likely to devote herself entirely to her art, and that she will probably soon be entered as a student at the Royal College of Music.

Mr. Carrington and Mr. Huxtable have given three *Matinées Musicales* at Victoria Rooms lately, with but moderate success. The Saturday Popular Concerts continue to be given at intervals, and draw large audiences. Mozart's Twelfth Mass was performed on one occasion some weeks since.

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John P. Jackson
Barton M. Jackson

MAGAZINE of MUSIC

JANUARY
1890



Contents

"SWING SONG"

Melody for Violin and
Piano

"GOBLIN SONG"

From

"DIPPLECHIN"

IN A SWING.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

Fredk Croft, Op. 63.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system contains a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a rhythmic swing pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. There are dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) throughout. The score is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

63.



The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes with frequent beaming and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#).



The second system continues the musical piece. It includes a key signature change to two flats (Bb and Eb) in the middle of the system. The notation remains consistent with the first system, featuring complex rhythmic patterns.



The third system of musical notation shows the continuation of the piece. The treble staff has a more active melody with many slurs and ties. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.



The fourth system of musical notation features a key signature change to one flat (Bb). The musical texture is dense with many beamed notes and slurs in both staves.



The fifth system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff has a melody with many slurs and ties. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.



The sixth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It includes dynamic markings such as *pp* (pianissimo) and *rall.* (rallentando). The notation features a key signature change to one flat (Bb) and ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Melody

by

CHARLES HORN.

Transcribed for VIOLIN or CELLO and PIANO.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

mf *f*

pizz. *p* *arco*

mf *mf*

rall. *tempo* *pizz.* *arco* *rall.*

rall. *tempo* *rall.*

tempo pizz.

tempo

pizz. p

arco

p

mf

mf

rall.

tempo pizz.

tempo

rall.

arco

rall.

tempo pizz.

tempo

rall.

b#

OH! WE'RE A TROOP OF GOBLINS BOLD.

CHORUS IN UNISON.

Allegro.

VOICES.

PIANO.

Oh! we're a troop of gob-lins bold, of

gob-lins bold, of gob-lins bold, of gob - lins bold, Oh!

we're a troop of goblins bold, of goblins bold, of goblins bold, of gob - lins bold, Where

eer you stray, or take your way, Such man - ners fine, such grace di - vine I'm sure you'll nev - er, nev - er see, you'll

nev - er see.

No mor-tal can our pow'r with - stand For

"Lost Dimple"

mf *>* we are charm'd we can't be harm'd, for we are charm'd we can't be harm'd, for we can't be

mf *>* harm'd, For we are charm'd we can't be harm'd, for we are charm'd we can't be

mf *rall.* *ad lib.* *a tempo* harm'd, for we are charm'd we can't be harm'd, we can't be harm'd, for we are charm'd.

mf *rall.* *colla voce* *a tempo* And now you're here 'tis ve-ry clear From us you'll ne'er, you'll ne'er get free, And

cresc. *f* *ff* now you're here 'tis ve-ry clear From us, from us you'll ne'er get free you'll ne'er, you'll ne'er get free, from us you'll ne'er, you'll

rall. ne'er get free, from us you'll ne'er get free, you'll ne'er get free.

sf *col voce*

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